

woroni

October 19, 1995 • Volume 47 number 11 • Free

**Tackling
the
burning
issues**



• men of any calendar •

GUINNESS & CIDER ONLY. LIVE MUSIC. PUB PRICES.
unibar
 8 POOL TABLES, BEER GARDEN, JUKE BOX, SECURITY



THU 19 OCT **WITH GROOVE**
JAZZ 'N' JUGS ANU FREE

FRI 20 OCT
SIDEWINDER
POWDERFINGER + FUR

SAT 21 OCT
KAZOO LOCAL BAND FESTIVAL

WED 25 OCT
SPIDERBAIT
SCREAMFEEDER + KNUT

FRI 27 OCT
OKTOBER FEST

SAT 28 OCT
WAYWARD

WED 22 NOV TICKETS ON SALE
MORPHINE

THU 23 NOV TICKETS ON SALE
NoMEANSNo

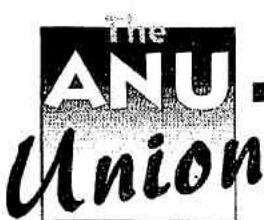
SAT 25 NOV
YAK FEST

THU 30 NOV
Skunkhour

** doors open at 8pm unless stated otherwise**
 ** above gigs & prices subject to change without notice by union management **

ANU Union concertline: 249 2546

Know Your Union



As a student, you are automatically a member of the ANU Union and entitled to use any or all of the following services at genuinely rock bottom prices....

Sullivans Open Mon-Fri, from cooked or continental breakfast, through salads, to pasta or roast.
 Breakfast: 7.30am - 10.00am Lunch: 11.30am - 2.30pm
 Dinner 4.30pm - 7.30pm

ANU Bar & Beer Garden. Open Mon-Fri from 12pm till 10pm.* Open Sat at 3pm.
 Pool Comps / Cheap Drinks / Bands etc etc etc



* Closing times change due to gigs and events at UNI Bar.



Having a special occasion? We can cater for engagements, weddings, 21sts, conferences, meetings... Just give us a call.

For the best in Lebanese cuisine you just can't beat Salwa's. We also specialise in vegetarian... Open Mon-Fri 10.00am - 3.30pm.



ASIAN BISTRO & HEALTH FOOD BAR

Open from midday for lunch and 4.30pm for dinner and offering the most colorful and exotic flavours, there is no alternative for Asian cuisine.

THE REFECTORY The Refectory is a self-serve sandwich and take-away food bar filled with over 50 freshly prepared ingredients. Open Mon-Fri from 8.00am to 4.30pm.*

* Refectory closes 4pm in holiday periods.

The ANU Union Newsagent and Post Office caters to all stationary and postal needs in a conveniently central location. Open Mon-Thurs 8.00am to 5.30pm and Fri 8.00am to 5.00pm.



The ANU Union also offers other services such as dry cleaning, film processing, hairdresser, mini-market, cycle hire, bakey, optometrist, passport photos and many, many more.

Take advantage, know your union

General Enquiries - 249 2446
 Concertline - 249 2546
 Functions & Conference Centre - 249 2004
 Promotions - 249 2001

inside woroni

Not a total waste of time and money



Cover: Bianca Nogrady as Our Incombustible Lady. Photo by Nigel Snoad, fire-fighting by Damon Shorter.



6 features

6 that was the year that was

For those who haven't read us all year, here's what you missed. Plus, we finally write an editorial! Discover which editor has a secret naked invisible friend.

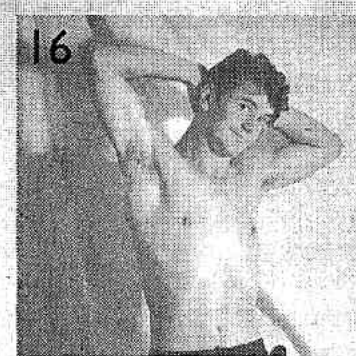
9 amazing stories

Sexual harassment is *the* hot topic on uni campuses, the ANU's own problem with it is under the microscope after recent media reports. The University sets up procedures, but how do they work? Cath Styles and Kirsty Farrell look at it from the student perspective.



12 survey says...

Crack amateur statisticians Daniel Silkstone and Owen Larkin delve into the murk of the ANU subconscious and pull out some profound observations and the winner of a case of Jolt.



16 men of anu calendar

Twelve very special men reveal something of themselves in our exclusive 1996 calendar. Pull it out, stick it on your wall, and let your imagination run free.

smell my finger

15 What's so Great about Alexander?

See what happens when a comedy paper goes on the Great Punchline Hunt. With more celebrity bald spots than a toupee maker's shop.

regulars

4 news

Latest on the union bans, and where are the female Deans?

5 biteback

A subtle mix of politics, argument, and vitriolic personal abuse

19 activist agenda

Pip Bolding takes over as Acting President, while the Treasurer announces 1) we are solvent and 2) we are totally self-sufficient in photocopied buttocks

22 sit on my face

Those crazy political funsters are at it again. You guys!

23 guest

Cape York is to be protected by the Queensland government, but has it ignored the indigenous inhabitants once again?

23 the hanging judge

The Judge confronts the Beast, and finds it is himself

25 get over it sweetie

It's been a good year for the Sexuality Department — how was it for you?

25 beneath the fringe

The Fringe confesses that he once shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.

29 hanging judge

Alcohol is something you drink when you don't know what else to spew.

25 campus chat

So you thought you could avoid being under our media microscope? Five more students are ruthlessly interrogated by our crack troops.

26 entertainment

The absurdly clever Cynthia Heibel, plus some fun things to see and play with

30 chunky bits

Chunkier than usual, complete with sausages, silly but true stories and an expert turned comedy object.

woroni

Volume 47 Number 10
October 19, 1995 • Free

Editor-in-chief Janina Jankowski **Editorial Consultant** Andrew Dempster
Bianca Nogrady **Advertising Manager** Peter Still **Photography** Peter Baldwin
Bianca Nogrady **Nigel Snoad** **Contributing Editors** News: Michael Mathieson Letters: Corin Throsby Entertainment: Heidi Zwar Small: My Fingers: Nick Shaw Chunky Bits: Bianca Nogrady **Features** Kirsty Farrell Owen Larkin Daniel Silkstone Cath Styles **Art** Mandy Ord Ben Ridder **Web Work** Chuin Nee Ooi John Robens **Technical Assistance** Peter Still Damian James **Director of Student Publications** Hamish McKellar **Bins reluctantly emptied by** Janina Jankowski **Contributors** Rachel Antony John Asker Pip Bolding Drunken Disgrace Garth Crawford George Dunford Office Goth Caroline Knight Owen Larkin Patrick Mackerras Matt Marshall Hamish McPherson Catherine Mellors Bianca Nogrady Nick Shaw Dan Silkstone Lisa Stagoll Sarah Stephen Chris Taylor Corin Throsby Granny X **Thanks to** Stephen Lawton, John and Rosemary at the Acton Supermarket, Peter Spicer, and all of "our men" **Apologies to** anyone whose name we've forgotten to add to the list. **Woroni** is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association. The opinions expressed in *Woroni* are neither those of the editors nor of the Students' Association, nor frequently of the writers. **If you want**

to contribute to Woroni, we'd like to hear from you. We're looking for feature articles, guest columns, news items and letters, original comedy and miscellaneous chunky bits. As soon as you come up with an idea, let us know. You can contact us in the *Woroni* office, located on the Bridge, ANU Union, by phone on 2487127 or via email on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Or send contributions to *Woroni*, ANU Students' Association. All contributions should include a name, student number and phone number for verification. We select articles for inclusion in *Woroni* based on the criteria of relevance, interest and topicality. **Woroni Online** You can access the latest issue of *Woroni*, with millions of other computer users worldwide, from the privacy of your networked Mac or PC. Our WWW address is <http://student.anu.edu.au/woroni>. For more information, contact us. **Feel angry?** Take it up with next year's editors. **Deadline** for the first issue next year is up to them. If it's not here, it's not in...

Sole woman Dean gets the chop

by Caroline Knight

An inquiry into the Asian Studies Faculty is to be held following allegations of pressure tactics and gender bias in its recent election for the position of Dean.

Dr Ann Kumar, the only woman Dean at the ANU, is head of the Asian Studies Faculty. She had nominated to contest the position, but withdrew her nomination the night of the election on August 25 at a Faculty meeting.

The allegations have been aimed at certain members of ANU administration, including members of both the University Council and the Board of the Faculties. A source close to Dr Kumar stated that cuts to the Faculty's budget were among a range of pressure tactics used.

Dr Kumar announced her decision to step down in a statement to the Faculty at its August 25 meeting. "My decision to allow myself to be nominated was made after being repeatedly approached by a large number of Faculty staff who shared my vision of the Faculty, and after consultation

with senior members of the Chancery," she said.

"It was also made in the belief that senior university women should not shrink from putting themselves forward to competitive situations, and in the belief that if we can at least maintain, if not increase the participation of women at senior levels, this would benefit the whole ANU."

"However, it has now been said to me that it is not in my own best interests to stand. These I might have sacrificed, but I feel that I do not have the right to sacrifice the interests of the Faculty."

"I believe that the Faculty must take what the Vice-Chancellor has said and its implications very seriously. I also believe that his statement is prejudicial to my candidature."

"Even more important is the evident probability that, should I win election, my ability to strongly promote the interests of the Faculty, which has always been my first priority, would be much diminished."

Dr Kumar's withdrawal of her

nomination left only one other candidate for the position, Tony Milner, who was appointed Dean. His term is for five years and begins January 1, 1996. The decision to change the term of Deanship from three to five years was made by the Faculty this year on the advice of a 1993 Asian Studies Faculty review.

When approached by *Woroni* to comment on the claims, the Vice-Chancellor Desine Terrell said that he was aware of the allegations that pressure tactics were used to force Ann Kumar to withdraw from the election.

"I think in any election of a Dean tension is always built up. The allegations made are a result of that sort of tension," he said.

Dr Kumar enjoys support from a range of staff and students.

"People feel on the whole in the Faculty a degree of loyalty to Ann. The general feeling is that she has done the job of Dean with commitment, energy and integrity," said Dr Aat Vervoren.

"At the same time there certainly

are areas of dissatisfaction with things that have, and have not happened."

Dr Kumar declined to comment to *Woroni* on legal advice.

The situation in the Asian Studies Faculty has left many people throughout the University anxious about the outcome. A resolution was passed at the Asian Faculties meeting on October 6 that Council be requested to conduct an inquiry.

"The Faculty of Asian Studies having, without dissent, reaffirmed its commitment to the democratic election of its Deans, would like to express its concern about the recent election of its dean and the circumstances surrounding this, and would like to ask council to investigate these matters and their implications for the governing of the University," the resolution read.

The matter will also be raised by the Board of the Faculties at a meeting on October 27.

Democracy out the window

Resentment in the Faculty over the Deanship has been long running following a Faculty review which suggested that Deans be appointed by administration. In July 1993 a review of the Asian Studies Faculty found an absence of highly ranked academic and administrative leaders. There was only one professor in the Faculty at the time, and very few readers.

Following the review of the Asian Studies Faculty the University placed an advertisement seeking applicants for two professorial positions, one in the area of South-East Asia, one in the Asian History department. The advertisement explicitly stated that "one of the appointees will be expected to serve full-time as Dean of the Faculty for an initial period of five years...."

However the faculties have the statutory right to elect their own Dean. The advertisement seems to contradict this right. The Vice-Chancellor commented at the August 25 Faculty meeting that, "I am conscious of a perception by interested persons inside and outside the Faculty that the action taken last year in association with the professorships in the Faculty relating to the Deanship ran counter to the Faculty's statutory right to elect its own Dean."

The Faculty wanted to continue appointing its own Dean. This was reconfirmed at the Faculty meeting of the October 6.

Unions split over Food, beer, SA poll wage deal

by Michael Mathieson

Doubts about end of year assessment remain as the latest wage offer from ANU management was rejected last week by the Australian Manufacturing Workers Union (AMWU) and two other smaller unions.

The offer, a 2 per cent pay increase backdated to July and an undertaking by the University to lobby the government for increased funding, was accepted by the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) at a stopwork meeting on Monday October 9 at the Workers Club.

However, the NTEU will consider withdrawing its support for the agreement at a meeting this week, due to a revelation by the Vice-Chancellor that the 2% offer was inclusive of a 1.3% supplement from the government.

Meanwhile, the AMWU is pushing ahead with service bans and picket lines. The AMWU has approximately 340 members at ANU, while the

NTEU represents 1200 academic and administrative staff.

An officer with the AMWU, Mr Steve Dargavel, dismissed the offer, saying that the offer is less attractive to ordinary staff who are generally on lower salaries than academic staff.

"The AMWU will continue industrial action until we get a reasonable proposal. 2% is not a reasonable proposal. 8% would be a moderate outcome."

In relation to the printing of exams, Mr Dargavel said that he believed there was a separate room set aside for this, and that so long as the University could secure a supply of paper, there should not be any problems.

If the NTEU withdraws its support for the agreement, workplace bans in libraries could be reintroduced. At present, very few of the photocopiers are functioning due to lack of maintenance.



Above: Can I have a ballot paper with my sausage? Alison Penfold and Heidi Zwar of 'A Better Deal' discuss policies with a lunchtime voter during the Students' Association elections last week. The results of the election were not known at the time of going to press.
Right: David Jeffery of the Slightly Silly party had a running partner until he was disqualified on the ground of not existing. David's comprehensive water management policy was examined last week in an article in the Canberra Times.

Graduate law program revamped

The Law School is offering a greater number of units and increased flexibility and specialisation under a comprehensive revamp of the Graduate Law Program.

The changes allow students to choose from a range of 80 units, with fewer compulsory units, in order to satisfy the requirements for a Graduate Diploma or a Master of Laws. The areas of study will be extended from international law, public law and environmental law to include commercial law and general courses.

A new degree of Master of Legal Studies, aimed at those who have not previously studied law but who wish to examine the legal issues in their area of interest, will also be offered.

The new Program will make study easier for part-time students to arrange their courses around work and other commitments, as most of the courses are held early in the evening. Units may also be taken individually, and intensive courses of a few days' duration will also be offered.

Students may satisfy degree requirements by coursework alone, a combination of coursework and a subthesis, or a thesis. The coursework will involve a general reduction in the amount of exam-only assessment.

The new Program will be launched by the former Chief Justice of the High Court Sir Anthony Mason on October 25 in the Law Lecture Theatre at 5:30pm.

An information day will be held at the Law School on November 14. Further details regarding the Program can be obtained from the Academic Director (Graduate Studies) Mr Robert McCorquodale on 2498355.

Notice

The Campaign Against Sexual Assault On Campus meets in the Bridge (next to the SA) each Tuesday at 1pm. For further information contact Melissa Johns on 2577330 or Lisa Styles on 2470574.

B & S BALL INFO PHONE LINE

1902-241111

A.A. 37.5 cents per 30 seconds or about two 40 cent phone calls

BALLS & ALL CALENDAR
VICTORIA, N.S.W., SOUTH AUST. & TASMANIA
1996 \$8.50 TO S.E.A.B.A.A.C.
P. O. BOX 1245, GEELONG, VIC., 3220

B & S FAX: 0055-65902 70 CENTS PER MINUTE

Apathetic fantasies lived out with degrading leaflets

Dear *Woroni*,
Most people were probably exposed to the barge of Students' Association election propaganda throughout polling week.

And were you fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the leaflet being distributed by the student running on the "Apathy" ticket for editor of *Woroni* 1996?

The leaflet was covered with naked women, expressing their erotic fantasies and desires for "David" — the "person" running on the ticket. A number of people found this quite offensive.

So what was the problem? Why did we object to it?

We don't necessarily have a problem with people looking at pictures of naked bodies. The problem is when women's bodies are publicly displayed as sexually available objects, used to sell products (or in this case to promote a student election ticket), this affects people's attitudes towards women within broader society. The fact is we still live in a sexist society and this sort of thing only ingrains those attitudes.

On the "Apathy" leaflet a series of degrading images were used as part of an attempt to make a bit of a joke (such a highly amusing one at that!). We found this context particularly offensive. It may be a bit of fun for some people — but the systematic oppression and exploitation of women is too often treated as a joke,

and not taken seriously. This makes it much more difficult for women to have cases of sexual harassment and assault dealt with properly. The difficulty women face in getting cases of sexual harassment heard has once again been demonstrated by the recent sexual harassment cases which are still not being dealt with on ANU.

We encourage women to continue to take action against sexist and sexist propaganda. Join the Reclaim the Night march on Friday 27th of October, 7pm Garema place, Civic.

Natalie Zirngast
Sarah Stephen
Jenny Power
Resistance

Giant sasquatch sighted at ANU

Dear *Woroni*,
How about poor old Adam McGlashan — notorious elephantine bourgeois driveller with a fascination for other people's hygiene routine. Wearisome pseudo gothic conservative closed minded stereotypin' beer swillin' big talkin' bloated offensive bigot that he is, he appears to be stuck in the 'black phase' most grew out of before senior high school. May I suggest, however, that rather than laugh in the oversized face of this sad figure, we pity the angry pubescent — the boy who wouldn't grow up — trapped inside the body of Sasquatch.

We should say calmly unto him, "Keep wearing the black, big guy, if it makes you feel important and slightly dangerous, and keep up the washing too, mother would be so very proud."

Living in fear of Scary 'John's lads'

Adam McGlashan replies:

To my dearest admirer,
Thankyou for the note. You make me feel as if Valentine's Day has come twice this year. However, I think you've got me confused with Hamish McPherson.
Hugs and Kisses,

Adam McGlashan

PS. Look just above this sentence to see the correct spelling of my surname. It's a tricky one.

Election coverage corrected

Dear Editors,
I am writing to express my contempt at *Woroni*'s "coverage" of the recent Union Board of Management elections. The post election report in *Woroni* 47/10 gave a totally misleading and remarkably inept interpretation of the result of the election. Any fair minded person would interpret a *Students for a Better Lunch* primary vote of 59.4% (64.1% after preferences) against *Management First*'s 34.3% (35.9%) as a resounding victory for the *Better Lunch* team. The fact

that *Students for a Better Lunch* won the majority of seats and missed out on winning four of the five two-year positions by a mere 2.6% of the vote seems to have escaped the attention of your news editor.

I suppose *Woroni*'s report on the Law Society election will celebrate the triumph of the *Sue, Grabbit and Run* ticket in winning three positions out of seventeen!

Andrew Barr

NUS = one big SA

Dear Sarah Stephen,
It is sad to see the venomous slander that has overtaken so much of what Resistance passes off as criticism of the Socialist Worker Student Club (SWSC) and their involvement in the campaign against fees ("Fighting fees with or without NUS" *Woroni* 10/47).

Let's start on that shaky surface called "reality". Students get involved in a fight against fees because they are threatened by them *and* feel confident about fighting them. Last year we saw how crucial getting the Students' Association to support the demos/strikes/occupation was to getting students to rally around and create a real fight back. If socialists and other activists had not been involved in these arguments, last year's SA would not have prosecuted the campaign in such a militant fashion. However if it had only been socialists presenting these options to the student body,

without SA backing, students would not have felt confident about the possibility of success.

Similarly the National Union of Students is like one big Students' Association. Its virtue is that it brings all students across the country under one organisation. Its failing, like last year's SA, is that its leadership sees the tactic of "responsible" negotiation as its main focus *unless it is challenged from below* — like we did by building a mass campaign at the ANU last year. To say that "NUS is not, and can never be, a fighting union", is not only wrong, based on the student strike of 30,000 they called in March, but also a clear case of fatalism. You should *never* say never.

To accuse the SWSC of saying "that NUS didn't have to do anything on ANU last year because we weren't affiliated" is an outright lie. In fact we have been a focus on campus for those students wanting to build a mass campaign against the fees and push the NUS to support this campaign. Concretely Resistance refused to join us in pushing the NUS to build a campaign against the fees after the No Fees conference in 1994.

During the affiliation campaign in early September many students were "horrified" by the position of Resistance. Socialist Worker students never "simplistically" accused those on the left of "siding" with the Liberals by

Continued page 23

Further Career Opportunities ANU GRADUATE PROGRAM IN LAW — 1996 HIGHER DEGREES AND GRADUATE DIPLOMAS

Over 80 new coursework units will be available in an integrated program that will meet the requirements of practising lawyers, public servants and others interested in undertaking professionally relevant study in a major law school.

Master of Laws

These degree courses are designed for law graduates seeking to update and enhance their legal expertise by advanced coursework or research.

Master of Legal Studies

These degree courses are designed for graduates without legal qualifications who wish to acquire an understanding of the law relevant to their professional experience.

Specialist MASTERS COURSES are available in

- INTERNATIONAL LAW
- PUBLIC LAW
- ENVIRONMENTAL LAW
- COMMERCIAL LAW

Specialist GRADUATE DIPLOMAS may be taken in

- ADMINISTRATIVE LAW
- CONSTITUTIONAL LAW
- TAXATION LAW
- GOVERNMENT COMMERCIAL LAW
- PUBLIC SECTOR MANAGEMENT LAW
- LABOUR LAW
- TRANSNATIONAL BUSINESS LAW

Graduate Diplomas may be upgraded to Masters Degrees.

All courses are available on a full-time or part-time basis.

Classes are held at times suitable for those in full-time employment.

Some units may be taken intensively over a few days.

For further information contact:

Course Administrator
The Faculty of Law
The Australian National University
Canberra ACT 0200
Telephone: (06) 249 0510
Facsimile: (06) 249 3971

THE
AUSTRALIAN
NATIONAL
UNIVERSITY



First to learn the nature of things

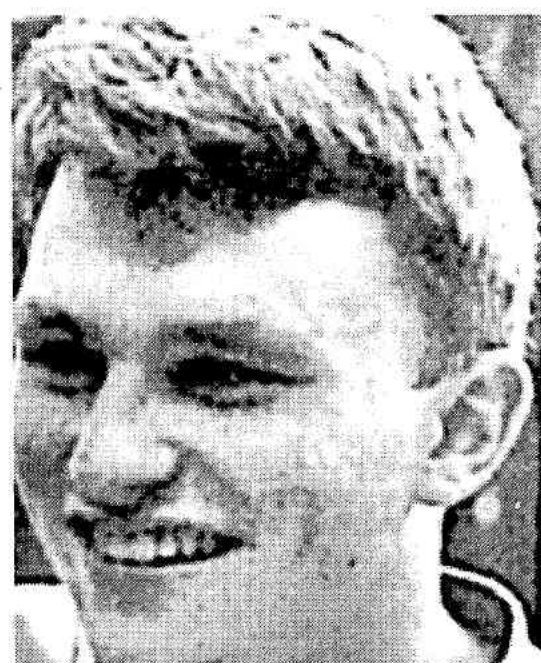
APPLICATIONS
SHOULD BE
LODGED BY
30 NOVEMBER

immature and proud of it

the best and the worst from Woroni '95

Since Sullivan's Creek first started running its polluted course through the pastures of ANU, Woroni editors have been accused of self-indulgence, being too concerned with what's going on within the walls of the Students' Association and the Woroni office instead of getting knee-deep in the good stuff. This year Woroni has tried to avoid excessive navel-gazing (no editorials complaining about the usual self-inflicted sleepless nights, no space-filling holiday snaps) but in these three pages, we're guilty of everything we've spurned. This is your chance to get an inside glimpse into the workings of Woroni and meet the people behind the toilet paper.

If he didn't exist, we would have to invent him



If it is a waste to live vicariously, what is it to live Mackerrasly? For many ANU students, William Mackerras in 1995 became the archetype of the thrusting young politician: on committees, running for positions, and Being Very Earnest About It All. Even the Canberra Times couldn't resist bagging him. And yet, for all the abuse, for all the threats to impale him and let his corpse be eaten by scavengers, he refuses to give up. There's a certain nobility in the way he just keeps on going when others around him falter. Woroni salutes Will Mackerras, the fluffy pink Energizer bunny of student politics.



Woroni techno wizardry

Fittingly for one of the first Australian student papers to be on the World Wide Web, Woroni did dabble with technology. We were lucky enough to be offered Tom Barbalet's excellent articles on aspects of cyberspace, phone phreaking and virtual reality (47/5, 47/8), work which managed to inform and entertain.

On the dull technical side, this is the first Woroni to be produced totally electronically. All text and graphics are digitized, and then laid out on a computer (for those who care, we use a pair of Quodras, Aldus Pagemaker 5, Adobe Photoshop 2.5.1, and Illustrator 5.5). The completed publication is delivered to the printers on an external hard drive and downloaded. They make up the plates, print it off, and you read it. Previously, editors had to stick the paper down onto layout sheets, which was time-consuming and messy. Moreover, it limited the types of layout they could, and they would only get a true sense of the look of the page after it had been stuck down.

We went online in from our first issue. While we've been a little slow in uploading issues onto the Web — editorial laziness, naturally — they look pretty spunky once they're there, thanks to Chuin Nee Ooi and John Robens, who convert it into HTML for us and do all the tricky technical stuff. Chuin Nee also created our lovely electronic front page (right). We rather admire the pair of them for all their work. Of course, our greatest bit of computer wizardry was breaking the 5 million score on Evil Tetris, but that's another story...

"Very unsubtle"

When the Smell My Finger editors ran for Woroni last year, there were questions about whether we would turn the paper into a giant Finger. We denied it, but the accusation gnawed at us. Could we be responsible? The short answer to that is "no". Regrettably, running Woroni meant we didn't have time to be funny, either. On the downside, this meant Finger was treated like a bastard child, squeezed into two pages and generally ignored by its embarrassed parents. On the upside, other people got in on the action and started writing for it. Cartoons, jokes, satire and parody appeared. Of course, fate played its part — who could possibly have predicted Hugh in the poo?



OFFICE OF FILM AND LITERATURE CLASSIFICATION
(Div. for Film Classification Board)

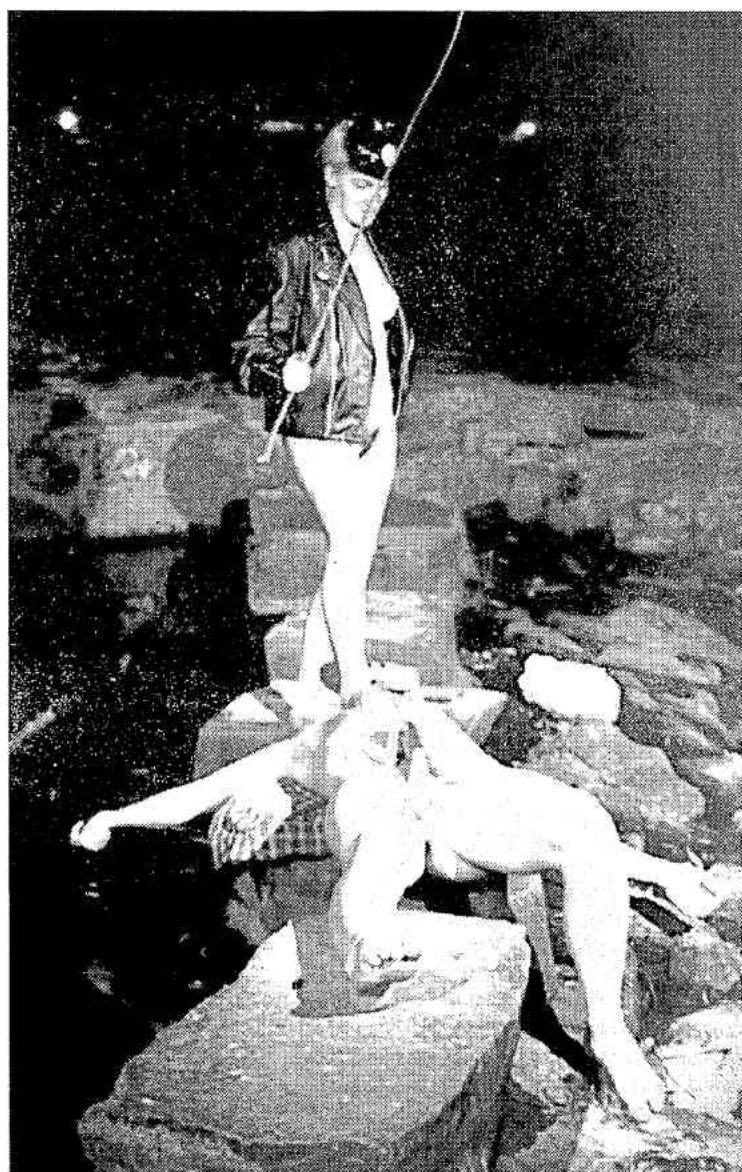
PLAAT/0007 9574

get your lawyer to call my lawyer

Appropriately enough for a journal edited by law graduates, Woroni kept dangling its arse into the fires of legal problems. Borderline defamatory cartoons provided a bit of fun; when we got an odd phone call from a law firm just after printing one, we thought we might have gone too far, but it turned out to be a totally innocent inquiry. We went through a few pairs of undies that day. Of course our best effort was printing the infamous sex on campus photos. We specifically requested information from the Office of Film and Literature Classification Board (government censors to us, OFLCB to their friends) to see whether we could be prosecuted, but did we bother

reading it before we put the issue together? What do you think? The Eros Foundation does read these things, because they have a vested interest and a more professional approach. They enjoy getting rulings from the Board so they can check whether the Board is in touch with community opinion. They got a copy of Woroni, coincidentally one with naked folk on the cover, and sent it off. Back came the reply, which Eros kindly passed on to us. It turns out that because we are a uni paper, and not for sale, we are okay. So, here's the story: you can offend people gratuitously as long as you don't charge them for it. Ah, the majesty of the law.

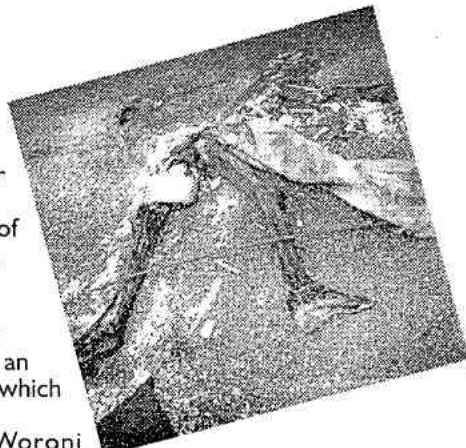
Oh dear, not this picture again...



Not dead, only sleeping

Death. It comes to us all in time, but for regular Woroni readers it came and then kept on coming. The singularly death-obsessed nature of the paper this year was not planned, but arose, zombie-like, again and again to haunt us. The regular and very popular Dead Pet of the Week in Chunky Bits set the trend. Without its pioneering flippancy, would we ever have seen an article like "Dances with Dead Things" (47/8), which we still can't believe we printed.

Distressingly for fans of this approach, Woroni occasionally kept a straight face at the funeral. An article on the current euthanasia debate (47/10) was even praised by academics. However, we soon got back to our usual morbid glee — all it took was one roadkill picture and off we went.

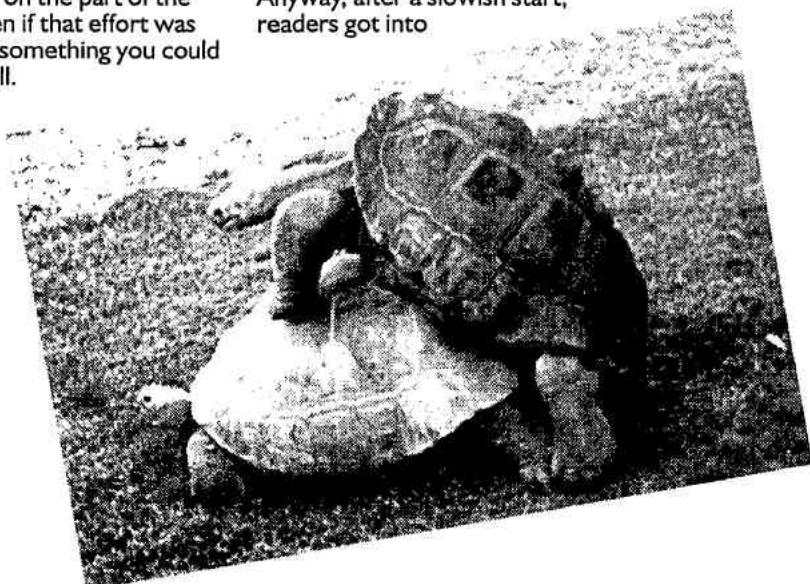


Prizes for dead pets, soft drugs and tortoise rumpy-pumpy

Giving things away is a nice part of doing Woroni; it gives you the feeling of being a feudal lord handing out a present to a peasant. But how to choose the lucky winner? Enter the Woroni competitions: Dead Pet, Pic of the Crop, Caption Competition, and the very lame Campus Camera (God almighty, you win if we take a photo of you). All but the last of these actually required some effort on the part of the entrant, even if that effort was just to own something you could smoke or kill.

Originally, Pic of the Crop was sponsored by a company which makes cannabis clothing, but it seemed their office is even more chaotic than ours; we got one lot of prizes and a tatty sheet of paper with an illegible scrawl on it. We dropped the idea of prizes with a theme and went for the old gigs and Jolt combination. Pity really, because I thought the pet shrouds and coffins were a very hot idea. Anyway, after a slowish start, readers got into

the spirit of the thing, with entries coming in for all competitions. The caption where entries fluctuated wildly; some photos inspired only a few, whereas some, like the tortoises having sex, brought out the best in many of you. Our thanks to Peter Spicer from the ANU Union and John and Rosemary from the Acton Supermarket for their regular support and prizes.



What if you took a bunch of naked people around campus and got them to do stuff? For Woroni, this was just another in a long line of ludicrous ideas. However, unlike "Bestiality: Is it Safe?" and "Is the Chancelry bomb-proof?", this one actually got off the ground (literally, in some of the photos). As our models Helen, Dom, Elise and

Chris froze their arses off, a fully clothed Peter snapped away, while an editor stood in the background giggling uncontrollably. There were logistical problems: it was cold, it was dark and it's hard to dodge Security and drunk college kids when you're naked and tied to a sculpture. Why did we do it? Why not?

and now a word from our sponsors.

Andrew Dempster Editor

Looking back, I'm pleased. There were the usual stuff-ups, of course, little things like dates not changing from one issue to the next and pictures being left off the page, but all in all, not too painful. But I'd like to make a few boring comments.

Student papers are tough to do because there's no real agreement on what sort of issues we should cover. Other papers have a well-defined readership. For *Woroni*, it's harder to judge what people want to read about. We never quite worked it out. It's a guessing game that editors in the future will have to keep playing. Whatever happens, I hope *Woroni* will keep reporting news which affects students on campus — there's plenty happening which otherwise would never come to light. A bit more investigative dirt-digging wouldn't go astray.

Astute *Woroni*-ites may have noticed that the each issue was poured into a "mould", and that, with minor exceptions, the running order has been the same. This has been both good and bad. On the bright side, people know where to look for their favourites and know which parts of the paper to avoid. On the downside, it's harder to be zany and spontaneous when everything has a place. Nevertheless, settling on a "look" made *Woroni* ten times easier to produce. Given tight time constraints and the pressures of study, this was a god-send.

The year was not without blunders — in particular, the printing of the Third Uncle's column "It happened here at ANU" without fully considering the consequences, then having to apologise next issue. The Uncle, needless to say, was not happy with the editorial backdown. As he pointed out, regular columnists deserve the support of their editors once their columns are in print. A near-blunder was the placement of simulated sexual activity on the front cover of *Woroni* #4, including an object that could have been mistaken for an erect penis. Fortunately the Board of Film and Literature Classification came down on our side (it was a platform shoe). As for the article itself, I have no regrets. Utterly gratuitous and embarrassingly juvenile, it was one of the few items which went close to challenging the boundaries of acceptability. Despite feeble attempts such as these, we never quite attracted the attention of the pompous and heroic Stuart Littlemore of *Media Watch* (ABC, Monday 9:15pm), who continues to treat our pathetic little rag with the contempt it so clearly deserves.

Interspersed with the usual crises were innumerable silly moments in the *Woroni* office, colouring-in by computer to the bizarre Slovenian techno-military marching music of Laibach, regular writers dropping in for regular editorial therapy, professional arguments over feature design accompanied by my unbearable quoting from layout textbooks, bleak stares from the Office Goth and Janina's weekly reading from the Gospel according to Mr Agreeable. I'll miss EXCEEDED WORD LIMIT

Janina Jankowski Editor

Earlier this year I was accused of writing much of the paper under a range of preposterous pseudonyms. This of course is disprivable on two bases: I'm not so imaginative as to call myself "Ducasse" or "Tree Frog", and anyway, simply being editor takes up too much time for me to write as well. What really annoyed me was that no-one accused me of editing *Woroni*, under my own or anyone else's name. The office consensus is that I spend most of my time here playing silly games, or delivering long, mindless monologues on my various obsessions. They're right, of course, but it would be nice to get some misplaced credit once in a while.

Personally, I think editors should be seen and not heard: don't explain, don't apologise. This doesn't mean we can't express our admiration and gratitude where necessary. I respect my fellow editor Andrew's kindness, patience and intelligence, despite his vegetarianism and fundamentally dreary personality. Peter as advertising manager sold so much space he saved our financial asses, so I shall pass over his goth affectations, declining to ridicule his life-deathstyle. Contributing editors Michael, Heidi, Corin and Nick handled their sections with intelligence, diligence, great good humour, and excellent personal hygiene, while Bianca is the child and pet I never had. All our contributors are to be admired for producing marvellous work for no reward better than, "Yeah, put it over there. Now piss off". Scott (SA Administrator) has my respect and affection for his efficiency, charm and helpless devotion to lousy football teams and even worse bands. Lastly, I thank the readers, whose praise and disgust I treasure equally.

There, who said you never read anything positive in *Woroni*?

Michael Mathieson News

The New Journalism is dead, and the Mathieson-Demidenko school of journalism is in the ascendant. The Mathieson-Demidenko school supports the idea that objectivity can't be achieved, and even if it could, it would be of no use anyway. Clearly, it is the most appropriate journalistic approach for those who write for student newspapers.

The approach is best identified by a "death of the interviewee" thesis, under which the writer goes to extraordinary lengths to distort and misrepresent everything an interviewee says. And, the approach goes beyond the writer merely foisting her own interpretation onto events — she is encouraged to produce artificial quotations for an interviewee whom she cannot be bothered interviewing.

For example, if there is a fourth referendum for NUS next year, I could report that William Mackerras said, "to reject NUS would be an outrageous move, and would lead to an outbreak of multi-coloured concrete balls on campus," without him ever saying those words.

The fact that William would not have actually said that sentence is no bar to me reporting that he did. This is because, according to the Mathieson-Demidenko approach,

what the interviewee says or doesn't say is irrelevant.

Writers who find it difficult to slough the vestiges of "objective" or "factual" approaches to journalism can always approach the person after producing the quotation to see if she agrees, broadly speaking, with the writer's interpretation of what she did or didn't say.

To those who edit *Woroni* in 1996 I unreservedly commend the Mathieson-Demidenko approach to writing, as a means of making the paper more irreverent and irresponsible.

Heidi Zwar Entertainment

I wish to direct your attention to the Liberal column, and to take issue with Chris Taylor's endorsement of Phil Gramm (Republican nominee for President). I myself would much prefer Bob Dole, but then again who cares... as long as Mr Howard is our next Prime Minister and I continue to have a controlling interest in most of the publications on this campus.

Entertainment is all about the art of entertaining. Being entertainment editor is all about getting free CDs, seeing free movies, and delegating the work to someone else. Or so I thought. Actually it involved many long hours spent in the festy Students' Association offices, with the likes of Hamish McPherson lurking about and harassing me for supporting Jeff "smash the unions" Kennett. I already miss you Hamish.

I should say a quick hello to all of my lecturers and tutors, whom if it were not for *Woroni* and countless bloody campaigns, might actually know who I am.

Thankyou to everyone who wrote stuff for entertainment, especially to Victoria Tower (she's backin' Pat Buchanan) who demanded thanks and threatened to throw the 3000 leftover ABD coasters at my head if she wasn't mentioned.

See you in the letters section next year!!

Bianca Nogrady Chunky Bits

If I was to introduce myself with only one name, I would be denying all the other *Woroni* editors the pleasure of seeing me finally accept my various titles. Therefore, I begin this self-gratifying drive by calling myself Bianca, alias Office Monkey of May, alias Office Knob, alias Whining/Whingeing Maggot, alias Local Idiot etc. etc. I believe I have earned these titles, after recently being set on fire, as well as being volunteered for nude photos and numerous other deviant activities in the name of student journalism.

A major highlight of the *Woroni* year would have to be watching Andrew and Janina trying desperately to fit the word "skullfuck" into every edition somewhere, a kind of literary "Hide-the-Sausage". Another memorable moment was being threatened with legal action over a copyright infringement of a quality publication known as the *LoceStreet Lampost*.

Big hairy thank yous to all the other editors and people for tolerating the rampant lunatic behaviour my genes have blessed me with, with special mention to Scott, Students'

Association secretary, for allowing me to steal his lunch and generally abuse him for being taller than me.

Nick Shaw Smell My Finger

I have been given two hundred words to try and sum up my year as contributing editor of *Smell My Finger*. This space would best be used to remember the highs and the lows, to thank my family, friends and contributors for their continued support, and of course to pay tribute to God. However, I am going to use my remaining 139 words to whine.

Agreeing to take responsibility for the subsection of the *Finger* was a little like being caught in the back seat of a BMW with Divine Brown. It seemed like a good idea at the time and was great publicity, but the next morning I woke up in a prison cell, covered in baby oil and wondering just what the hell I had done. Well, almost.

Woroni in 1995 was full of high quality undergraduate satire — but it was anywhere but in *Finger*. Puerile bum jokes, Warwick Capper and ANU traffic management made us laugh, so we published them.

Special thanks have to go Noel Crichton-Brown and Deane Terrell — put their names in a sentence and watch the joke write itself. Also to my lengthy list of regular contributors who I will now name: John Asker. I hope that in the future I may continue to appall the students of the ANU and remind them exactly how their GSF fees are spent.

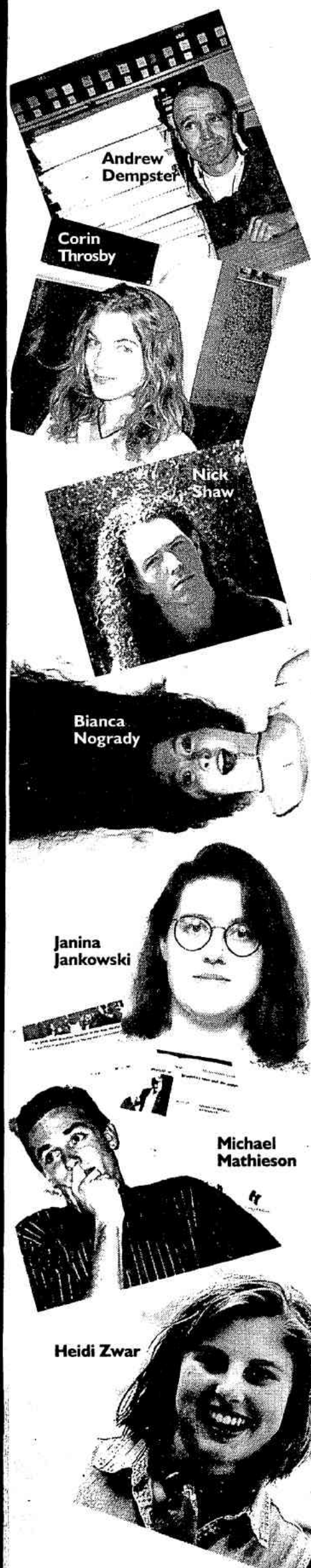
Corin Throsby Letters

It goes without saying that the position of letters editor is by far the most prestigious and sought after place on the *Woroni* team. Nevertheless, I initially was a little unsure about the value placed on my role, possibly because of the fact that I had only been talking to Andrew for three minutes about how I was in first year and didn't really have any experience when he offered me the job.

This kind of hasty selection process (I later overheard Janina saying, "Any retard who comes crawling through the door is all of a sudden appointed contributing editor") made me all the more determined to prove myself skilled enough to rise to the challenge that was the *Woroni* letters page, 1995. I was quickly trained how to italicise the word *Woroni*, change double spaces to single spaces, and use Spellcheck really really well.

Many dismiss Biteback as just another excuse for student politicians to be generally boring and prattish but I believe that, if used correctly, the letters page can be one of the most stimulating sections of the paper. Who will forget Lars Svensson's plea for Australian pen friends, or the 500 word masterpiece about Pavement not playing through their asses, not to mention the baffling fact that over 13.2% of all letters submitted contained the word "Mackerras"?

Undoubtedly the best thing about working on *Woroni* 1995, however, has been the opportunity to hang out with some of the best looking talent at ANU (pictured, left). I love you all.



amazing sexual stories misconduct amazing at the ANU stories

a student perspective on the ANU's sexual harassment and disciplinary procedures

text cath styles and kirsty farrell

"I always thought, in the back of my head, that if anything ever happened, there was a procedure; I would be safe; that it would be dealt with. That hopefully it wouldn't happen, but, you know, the procedures were there as a safeguard. How many people are wandering around with that assumption? When it comes down to it, it doesn't seem at the moment like there's anything... it's almost like the university is saying, 'anything goes, we don't care.'"

— ANU student

The latest issue of the *Independent Monthly* (read it!) reports the alleged rape and sexual harassment of two students by an ANU lecturer. Since the story broke, many ANU students have questioned whether their university's procedures for handling these sorts of complaints is adequate.

To its credit, there were several items on the agenda of last Friday's ANU Council meeting regarding the university's sexual harassment procedure. This agenda item was included following the outrage expressed by

many students over the ANU's mishandling of the incidents. True to the nature of large bureaucracies, the language of the agenda is overly legalistic and inaccessible; and, what's more, only mentions 'sexual harassment'.

It remains to be seen whether any real difference will be felt at the student end of things. The university needs to take a good, long hard look at itself, and must reconsider its procedures in light of the differences between sexual harassment, sexual assault and rape. And then some. It's going to take more than just a University Council meeting.

At best, the university administration's blundering of the case reported in the *Independent Monthly* is because of the rarity of such incidents. At worst, the ANU Powers-That-Be are covering up for the totally inexcusable behaviour of its staff in attempt to salvage its reputation — at students' expense. After all, there are *sixteen* outstanding disciplinary complaints (official complaints made to university after CCASH conciliation fails) against university staff *from this year*

alone. It doesn't take an HD in first year accounting to realise that doesn't add up.

This story does not pretend to have all the angles covered. It is an attempt to present the issue from a student's point of view, and in doing so, suggest a better way to deal with what is never a good situation.

1. Amazing but realistic fiction

Is sexual harassment at the ANU very rare? Is the administration just very good at keeping such incidents under wraps? Or is the process for getting some form of redress just so bloody difficult that very few complainants actually get through it? This amazing story may help you decide.

The incident

Jane is on a camp at the beginning of her Honours year. She knows no one beforehand, but thinks it might be fun, and a good chance to get to know the department a bit better. It is late on the first night. Many of the party — including the head of the department and

Amazing amazing amazing amazing amazing stories stories stories stories stories st

the two lecturers — have consumed substantial amounts of alcohol, and Jane finds herself alone with one of the lecturers. He seems both very drunk and very interested in sleazing onto her. She's not even vaguely interested. All she wants is to get to bed, but she doesn't particularly want to get this lecturer offside. She presumes that he's just a bit pissed, that she can discourage him without anyone being embarrassed, that he'll give up any minute anyway.

As they walk back to the cabins, she begins to wonder if it was worth coming at all. Dinner, an exercise in stupid-joke endurance, was bad enough, but being hassled for sex by a teacher seems way over the top. Still though, she thinks, if I keep resisting he'll get the picture. I mean, he might be drunk but he's not completely stupid.

Then the lecturer decides he will sleep in Jane's cabin, which until this point she had to herself. She's far from thrilled, but still feels like politeness is the best policy, so she doesn't complain. She's finally in bed, willing herself to go to sleep despite the uncomfortable presence of the still-conscious lecturer, when he starts to hassle her again. He's lying down next to her, trying to kiss her. By now she's completely jack of the whole bizarre situation. Exhausted, she gives in. He has sex with her, and eventually it's over. She finally sleeps, only to wake up with him trying to fuck her again. She indicates that she's distressed by this, but he doesn't stop. Again she endures it.

Clearly, this incident constitutes severe sexual harassment. In fact, many would call it rape. Jane has seen the posters around campus stating quite clearly that the ANU does not tolerate sexual harassment. Home again, she decides to make a formal complaint to the university.

Making a complaint

Jane visits the departmental sexual harassment contact officer, and tells her story. The contact officer, having had no training whatsoever for the position, and clearly upset by the story herself, blunders about, confesses her ignorance, and sends Jane to the convenor of the Council Committee Against Sexual Harassment (CCASH). At this meeting she goes through the story again, and again the response is a veritable

blank. The correct procedure in this case eludes him too. Apparently the incident with the lecturer is somewhat out of CCASH's league, and may have to be dealt with according to a separate process: the disciplinary procedures for (general) misconduct. He advises her to consult the Dean of Students, who *might* know what to do.

So Jane meets with the Dean, hoping that he can answer questions about her options, the procedures and the likely outcome. The Dean has evidently been briefed with the story already, so this time she doesn't have to repeat it. But alas, he cannot answer her questions either. He does promise to find answers, though. When Jane sees him next, he advises her to write a letter to the Vice Chancellor, detailing her complaint. She does.

Next, Jane is called to a meeting set up by the VC, with an advocate for Jane and a legal officer. Here Jane is told that the limited information she has so far gathered is all wrong. Furthermore, she shouldn't even have had access to the official procedures. This is strange, given that the disciplinary procedures are part of the Award, presumably available to anyone who cares to look them up.

She is also told that the university cannot proceed with her complaint until they have "more detail" about the incident, but exactly what they want to know is hazy. Apparently, her complaint may be too serious for the university's disciplinary procedures to cope with, and she may have to go to the police. Just what constitutes "too serious" is also unclear, but Jane will not be told whether the disciplinary procedures will even be implemented until the required "further details" are assessed.

In the meantime, Jane tries to make the most of the meeting. Wanting a sense of her options and likely outcomes, she asks a question about the procedures. The response is far from helpful: "Where did you get that information? You shouldn't have that." Considering that this is her appointed advocate speaking, Jane perseveres with her queries. She quotes a section of the procedures, gives her interpretation of it, and asks if that is the correct interpretation. The ensuing dialogue is weird.

"Oh, no, no, there's another procedure that over-

rides that one."

"Well, what is it — can I have a copy of it?"

"No."

"Well, how many other procedures are there? And how many of these procedures are redundant because of them?"

"I'm sorry I can't reveal that information."

The conversation is clearly going nowhere fast.

Apparently, whatever the procedures are, Jane is not allowed to know. She is told that "a committee shall be formed" (note the passive verb which conceals both who will be on this committee and who will decide who is on it) to investigate the matter further. For some reason it is also impossible to disclose the general time frame for these proceedings. They won't tell her if she will be called as a witness in the investigation. She is denied access to the process altogether, and will not be informed, even, of the eventual outcome.

Jane leaves this meeting more confused than before about the nature of the disciplinary procedures, disconcerted by the evasions and rebuttals of her appointed advocate, upset at the complete lack of sympathy for her ongoing ordeal, and not sure even if she has formally lodged a complaint.

The nature of the beast

Just what is going on here? You would imagine that after the ordeal of an incident like this, the process of lodging a complaint would be a doddle. So how does it get to be so complicated and confusing? There are several glaring problems with the university's system for dealing with sexual harassment. But on top of those, the strange discursive gap between the notion of sexual harassment and the notion of rape muddies the whole process.

We have this idea that rape and sexual harassment are entirely distinct practices. Rape is a criminal matter, so the courts should deal with it. Sexual harassment happens in workplaces, or other institutions like schools and hospitals, so therefore it's a problem for employers and unions to tackle. But what exactly is the perceived difference? And how is that a problem for someone like Jane?

The notion "rape" relies on another notion that is

very fundamental to democratic society: consent. If you consent, it's sex, but if you don't, then it's rape. To get someone convicted for rape, you have to convince the court that you didn't consent to the sex. Sexual harassment, however, is not about consent. Unlike sex, harassment is not something you ever consent to, so in this case the notion of "consent" is simply irrelevant. Harassment occurs when a person (A) behaves in a way that another person (B) finds inappropriate and offensive; B asks A to stop; and A doesn't stop. That's harassment. Person B might have trouble convincing people that the behaviour was inappropriate, but no one will wonder whether they consented to it.

In Jane's case, the lecturer wanted to have sex with her, an idea she found both highly inappropriate and personally repugnant. He is a lecturer, and she a student, and for her that relationship is necessarily platonic.

The problems set in when Jane decided to pursue redress through university channels, avoiding police involvement. All the humming and ha-ing the university administration got into was out of concern that this incident wasn't harassment because it sounded more like rape. But what does it matter whether it was or wasn't rape? Surely it was still harassment? How does the university's designation "too serious" remove this incident from the category "harassment"? Doesn't it make sense to conceptualise it instead as "extreme harassment"? By quibbling over whether it was "too serious", the university has effectively reduced the matter to a question of consent. Which leaves Jane... where? She doesn't know, and that's the problem.

2. Amazing, unrealistic fiction

Too good to be true? In an ideal world, students testifying to lecturer harassment would always be taken seriously by well-trained, sympathetic and informative staff?

ACT I

Scene 1. An academic office. The door is closed. There are two chairs by the window. One is occupied by KIM, the department's sexual harassment officer. JILL

is in the other.

KIM: Well, what can I do for you?

JILL: I understand you're the person to come to about sexual harassment and stuff like that, yeah?

KIM: That's right. Has something happened that you'd like to talk about?

JILL: Um, yeah, I'm not sure, but I think so, I mean, I don't know whether... (trails off)

KIM: Okay, well, this might take a bit of time. (Jill nods.) Can I get you a hot drink?

JILL: Yes, please. (Kim leaves the room, and returns with two cups of tea.)

KIM: Okay, you'll need to tell me what's happened, and then I'll be able to say what your options are. Now, you know that nothing you say here will leave this room unless you decide to take it further. (Jill hesitates.) I know it's hard to talk about these things, so just take your time.

JILL: Well, I'm not sure if what happened is harassment exactly — I don't really know what that means. But I guess I may as well just tell you the story. (Kim nods.) It's my Chemistry lecturer. Don't get me wrong, I mean I really like him. It's my favourite subject, and I've always found him, you know, really helpful, and good as a teacher, inspiring I suppose. And he always seems to have time for me, not like most teachers. Maybe I'd given him the wrong idea or something, I don't know — I do go and see him to discuss my work — and sometimes it crosses my mind that he's standing a bit close, or that something he says has a double meaning. But I never thought, you know, that he'd actually be interested in me — I mean, I'm just a student. But yesterday, we were just talking, and then suddenly he's trying to kiss me. It felt totally weird, and wrong, and I freaked out and ran out of the room. And now I just feel like an idiot — like I should have seen it coming — and I don't want to go to class, or face him... A friend suggested I come and see you.

KIM: Well, it's good that you did come to see me. The university considers this to be highly inappropriate behaviour for a lecturer, and we'll be able to work out an alternative arrangement for your studies, so don't worry about that. Also, you're certainly not to blame, and you're well within your rights to

complain about it. It must have been awful.

JILL: Yeah.

KIM: I mean, it's really common for students to admire their teachers — they're often really clever people — but it's completely wrong for them to take advantage of the powerful position they have in the teacher-student relationship. This university certainly won't tolerate that kind of behaviour. Our code of conduct states that a teacher may not be personally involved with a student as long as he or she is teaching them or playing any part in assessing their work. So even if you had wanted him to come onto you, he shouldn't have. But this is even worse, because clearly, you didn't want him to. So what he's doing is also sexual harassment.

JILL: Yeah, I'm really pissed off at him, I feel sort of let down, you know? But I also feel like maybe I led him on or something, or he thought I did. I don't know. I just don't know if I want anything awful to happen to him...

KIM: Look, we'll go over what your options are later. If you don't want to lodge a formal complaint, you don't have to. On the other hand, if you do decide to, whatever the outcome is, it's not on your shoulders. You came here because you were uncomfortable about what happened. Lodging a formal complaint will involve submitting a statement to that effect, but whatever happens to the lecturer is not because of anything you did wrong, okay, but because you chose to exercise your right to complain about his inappropriate behaviour, and in doing so set in motion the university's own disciplinary procedures.

JILL: Okay.

KIM: Now I can't guarantee the outcome, or that it will be a pleasant process, but I can guarantee that I will act on your behalf throughout. I'll also inform you of all your options, every step of the way, and you'll be able to decide for yourself which way to go.

JILL: Well, thank you.

KIM: You're very welcome.

JILL: I guess that's a start.

Is sexual harassment at the ANU very rare? Is the administration just very good at keeping such incidents under wraps? Or is the process for getting some form of redress just so bloody difficult that very few complainants actually get through it?

Night Life



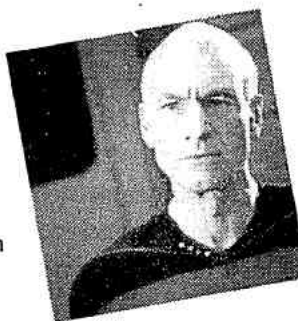
Three hamsters. Throw in one ANU student and it's party time.

Religion



15.7% of respondents would unleash this dog onto a man in a suit bearing inspirational literature

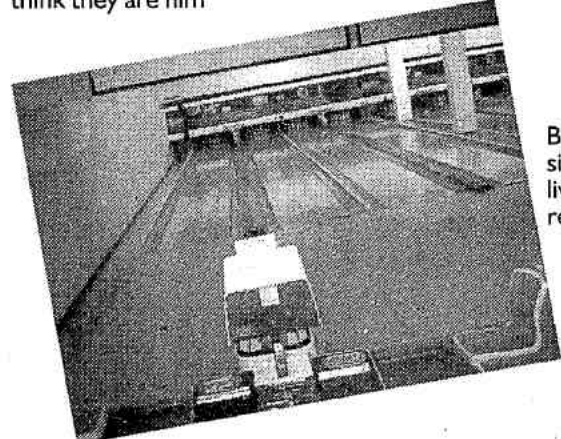
71% of respondents have received insight from Star Trek. Finally, an answer we can understand



Sex



Hugh Grant: 100% of ANU students either fantasise about him or think they are him



Bowling alleys play a significant role in the erotic lives of 66% of female respondents

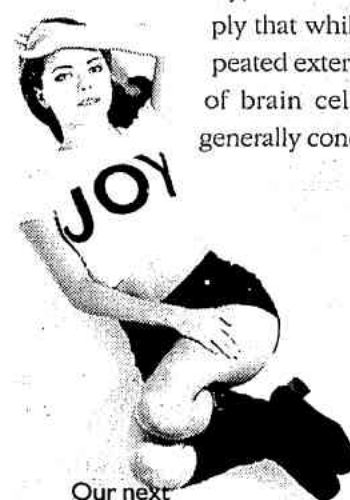
Politics



Influence: non-existent



Influence: high for a dead guy



Our next PM?

What is the typical ANU student? In our ceaseless quest to answer this question, we asked for your help, and the responses were stunning — our cardboard boxes were inundated. We have attempted to draw our own conclusions in a process that is devoid of any scientific merit but actually quite interesting. It's more relevant to your life than *Seinfeld*, more statistically invalid than the last federal budget, strange enough for a multitude of *X-Files*, and closer to the real thing than Coca-Cola. Using modern methods, our team of sociologists at the Ponds Institute have compiled the following portrait...

The typical ANU student lives with their parents, yet a comparatively small 2.6% have confessed to an Oedipus/Electra complex. Disturbingly, the smallness of this figure is attributable to the general lack of physical attractiveness in parents rather than a moral aversion to incest. To the 31.6% of the student population who don't know what an Oedipus/Electra complex is, we will leave you in blissful ignorance. The home lives of 21% of students surveyed were lost in a blur of intoxication; we hope you find them soon. In perhaps the most keenly anticipated set of results, it was discovered that 47.3% of students threaded their toilet paper over the roll, whilst a paltry 10.5% threaded beneath. Interestingly, males are far more likely than females to wipe their buttocks with *Woroni* — 10.5% claimed this honour.

On a Saturday night, the typical ANU student may be found at home — the inexplicable magnetism of Daryl Sorners and the Gang may be responsible. A surprisingly low 5.2% said that they would be at the Unibar, which makes us wonder who makes up its clientele. Truthfully, there were a diverse range of responses, with one respondent choosing to spend his night in debauchery, while another, somewhat cryptically chose a box. The majority of ANU students claim that intoxication constitutes waking up in a pool of vomit clutching a hamster. Given that a size-

able number also spent their last year lost in a similar state, we can only grieve for the loss of many small animals. The 21% of respondents who believe that alcohol is the tool of the devil will perhaps have their view reinforced by this senseless destruction. More than a quarter of students surveyed have passed out in a urinal — there are no extenuating circumstances for such a loss of dignity. Unsurprisingly, these were all male. The other three quarters were content to remain boring and unfulfilled in order to escape such a fate. 37% of people said that they needed a furry animal in order to have fun; again, we think of the hamsters.

On the whole, students preferred to experience religion out of its traditional context, with hugging trees and wallowing in the gutter outside the Private Bin considered far more spiritual than cathedrals, temples and mosques. When Mormons knock on their doors, 39.4% of students claim to launch their own diatribe slamming the Mormon faith while 26.3% turn of the lights and hide. 15.7% have a pet doberman named Satan that they are prepared to unleash on the unsuspecting Mormon. With statistics such as these, we are surprised that the Mormon faith has prospered. In a particularly nerdy revelation, 71% of students have received spiritual insight from an episode of *Star Trek*. Meanwhile traditional religious texts such as the Bible and the works of L. Ron Hubbard inspired only 10.5% of those surveyed. The elevation of Jean-Luc Picard to prophet status illustrates the calibre of person inclined to respond to such surveys. Women were four times more likely to believe in voodoo as men, while men placed more faith in alien abductions. With 38% believing in alien abductions, Fox Mulder was seen as more credible than the Warren commission; only 13% believed that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone.

Our look at life between the sheets has produced results that were both predictable and disturbing. The majority of respondents displayed a very capitalis-

tic attitude toward seduction, with most drawing the line at dinner, a movie, and coffee. Women generally preferred bowling to men as a tool of romance, with 66.6% favouring this to other methods. Only one respondent objected on the grounds that fidelity was an acceptable price. 37% of men said that their ideal relationship was a stable long term one, while 83.3% of women chose this option. The unfathomable sex appeal of the Swedish extends to their automobile industry, with the Volvo proving a popular site for safe sex: there's nothing like a good set of airbags. Sex with the lights on was preferred to lights off, however it probably depends on the partner. 90% of women and 10% of men opted for a BMW on Sunset Boulevard — which just goes to show, 90% of women love Hugh Grant, and 10% of men think they're Hugh Grant.

A cynical political climate pervades in the university, with about half of students labelling politics a crock of shit. Another 30% thought that it was just a bunch of middle-aged men pursuing personal power. A special mention goes out to the one respondent who said "cones". More people aligned themselves politically with Toni Pearen than anyone else. Why were almost all of them men? Generally speaking, students were more inclined toward the left with 16% supporting each of Trotsky and Chamarette. John Howard was supported by a mere 7% of those surveyed. Keep up the good work John. No-Fees campaigners will be disappointed to discover that the masses found Paul Keating's bald patch to be more significant than education funding. This indicates that politics is generally unimportant to the average student.

Most people said that study was important to their lives, but not dominant. 29% asked if drinking counts as study, to which we reply that while the repeated extermination of brain cells is not generally conducive to

success in higher education, there are, however, obvious exceptions. Students were equally likely to be pleased with their recent academic performance or to have had a lumpy turd of a year. 21% continued to ask if drinking counted as study... ANU students cope with failure in a variety of ways, more males seemed to favour repeated failure, whilst women (66.6%) were more likely to seek a deferment on psychological grounds. 16% of students would switch to Forestry in the event of failure — we are stunned that anyone would choose this fate. The premier social events at the ANU were judged to be Jazz 'n' Jugs and the Bar Slug, again illustrating the importance that alcohol plays in the lives of students. Interestingly, a significant proportion of women chose Dean Terrell's pool party, obviously reflecting the natural desire of many women to see our Vice-Chancellor in speedos.

Culturally we have shown ourselves to be a void. Six times more students chose pouring salt on snails to attending a theatre production. Our apologies once more to the RSPCA. The average ANU student feels represented by either *Star Trek* or the test pattern. Hmm... The greatest cultural figure was overwhelmingly declared in a way that shows the extent of social decay. Homer J. Simpson reigned supreme in 1995 as a dominating influence on the lives of those at ANU with 68.4% of the vote. The endearing stupidity of the man obviously struck a chord as students all over the campus were heard to utter the word which seems to best summarise the mood of the year: "D'oh!!" The greatest failures of 1995 were the cast of *Echo Point*, with a disturbing, though unsurprising number of respondents nominating the authors of this survey.

In summation, the typical ANU student is a disconcerting blend of apathy,

woroni readers' survey answers

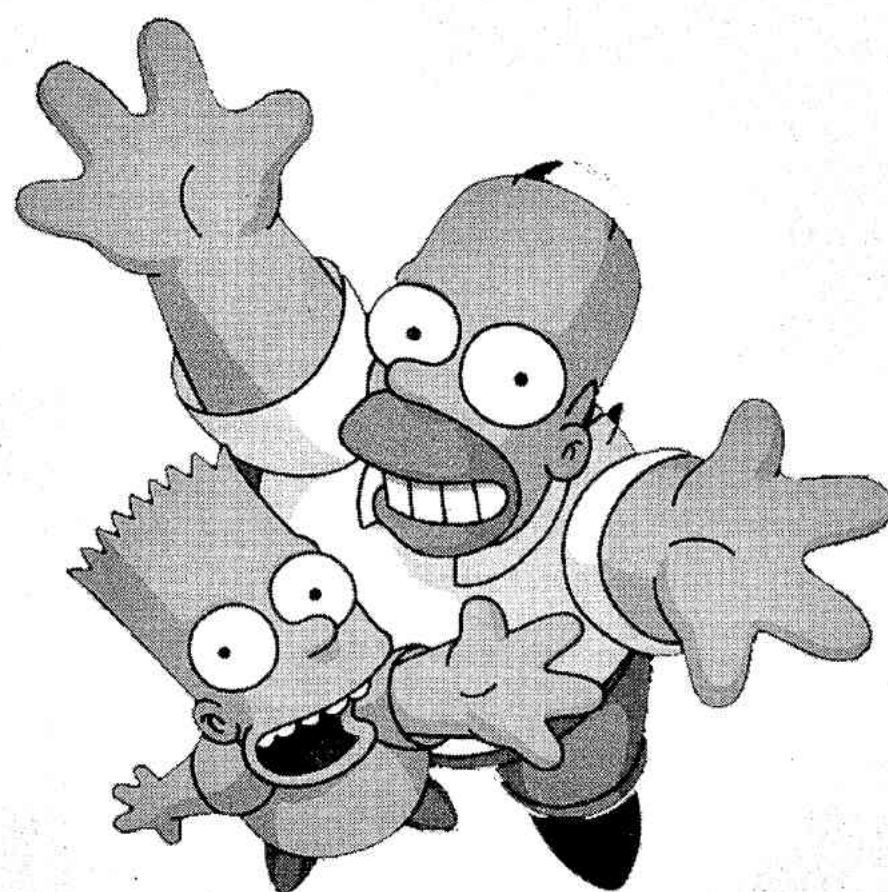
statistical analysis + text Daniel Silkstone and Owen Larkin

alcoholism, and animal cruelty. We should have known. So, what have we gained from this analysis? We've gained everything and nothing. There is no typical ANU student, you are all special to us. Thank you for your responses, however creative; they have helped to make the 1995 readers' poll the debacle that it has been.

Cultural Life

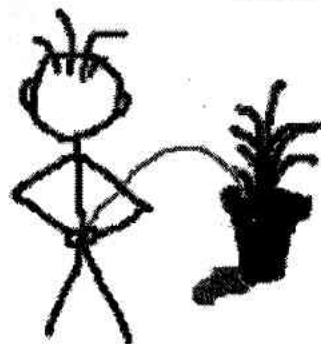


While the cast of *Echo Point* were the official winners of the question on 1995's greatest losers, no-one in the office can remember what they look like. So here's Owen and Dan, the authors of this survey, because we like them and they got a disturbing amount of votes in this category.



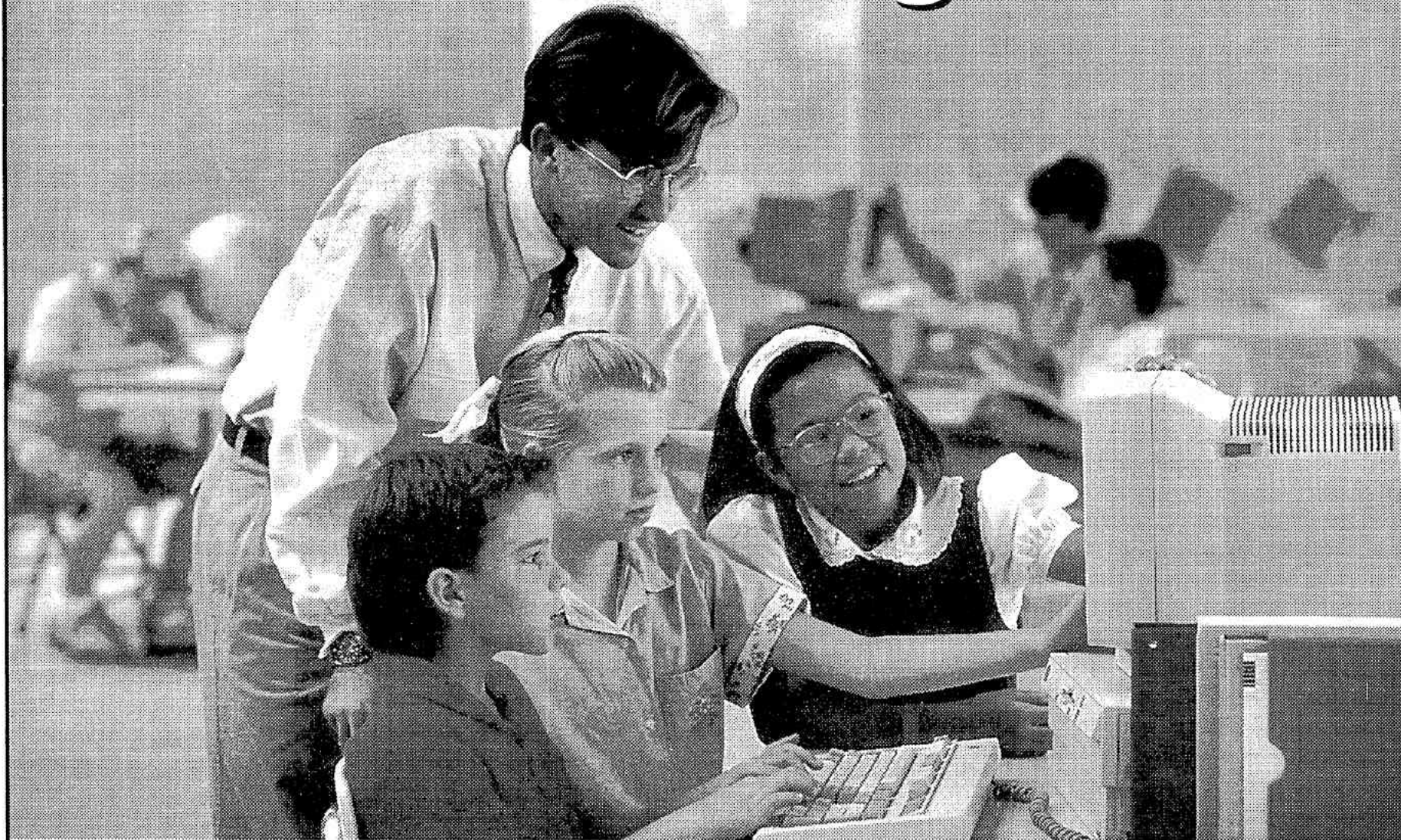
Q: Why are students such slob?
A: Because this man dominates the lives of 68.4% of them

Uni Life



A significant minority of ANU students considers this enough to deserve Austudy every fortnight.

Leaving Uni soon? Like a professional career in teaching?



Study by distance education for a graduate DipEd (Secondary Teaching).

Once you graduate, Monash University can provide you with the opportunity to complete a Graduate DipEd (Secondary) by Distance Education.

This part-time course is generally taken over two years. Twenty days of practice teaching are required in the first year and twenty-five days in the second year, usually undertaken during August/September at an approved secondary school in your local area. The academic component of the course is completed in your own time. This could be your first step towards not a job but a profession.

Distance Education is a flexible study option for graduates-to-be like yourself who want to join the workforce after leaving campus or perhaps travel. Wherever you are, Distance Education means Monash can come to you.

Teaching methods offered in 1996 include English, Social Science, Visual Arts, Science, Mathematics and Business Studies.

THE UNIVERSITY THAT COMES TO YOU.



CALL NOW TOLL FREE
1800 671 845 8am – 8pm weekdays,
or fax (051) 226 814.

E-MAIL: inquiries@gad.cc.monash.edu.au

To: Course Inquiry Centre, Monash University, Churchill 3842.

YES! Please send me more information on the Graduate Diploma of Education (Secondary).

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____ Telephone: _____

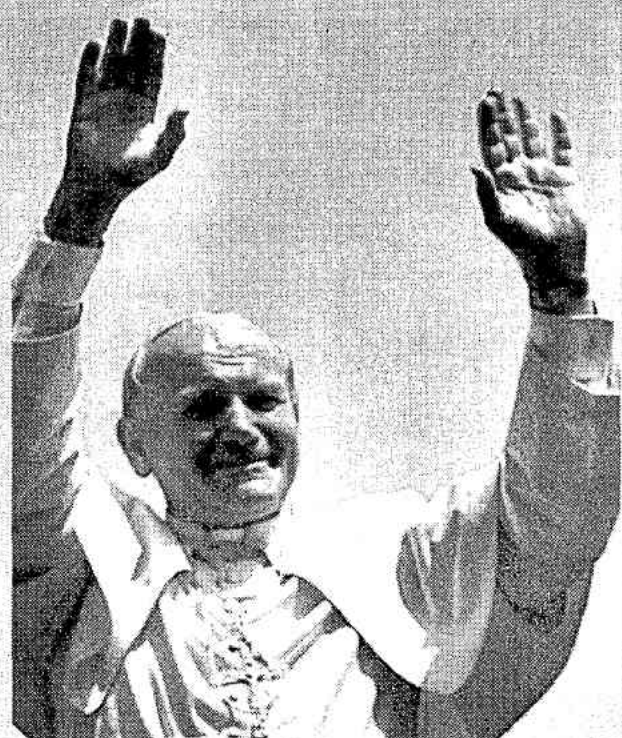
FACULTY OF EDUCATION



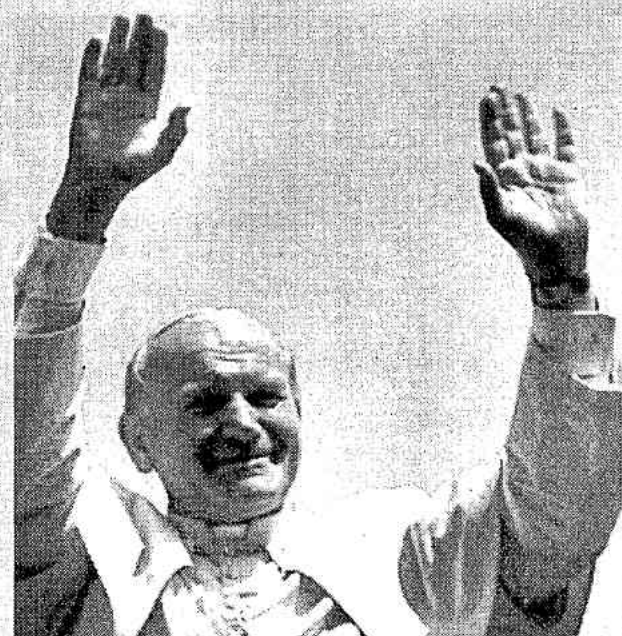
YMU0013R

WOR

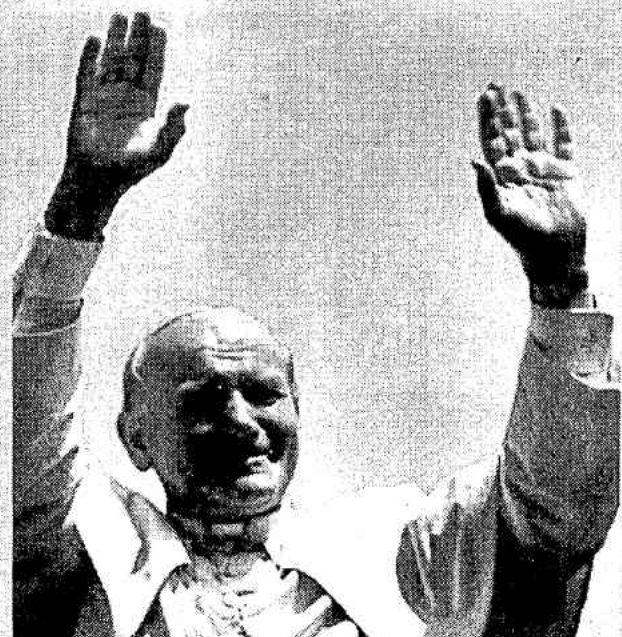
smell *my* finger



Pope: 'Hey ladies, it's all-you-can-eat night in my cassock.'



Pope: 'Hey, USA, gimme ten!'



Pope: 'I'm no chick magnet, I only had this many women last night.'

Alexander the Great, a barman, a spatula and something about spring

Spring is a season of joy. I find spring is a special time of the year, special because of the opportunities it affords us all. Finally it is warm enough to spend a day outside, young couples fall in love beneath blossoms and on top of Floriade. No wonder that people scrape six months of dust off their favourite boardshorts. No wonder obese public servants take up inane activities like jogging. Spring lets us go outside, stay there and enjoy it.

This is probably why Spring is also the time of intrinsically *inside* things like Exams. For many years I held the radical view that Exams were universally disliked. This point of view was vindicated last year when I saw an American walk into a Polish bar and yell "Exams" at some volume. Fifteen seconds later the barman produced a spatula and a plastic bag and started cleaning up. Although I later declined to sample the house sausage, I felt comfortable in the bar, knowing that certain cross-cultural constants linked the human race.

The propensity for violence generated by the apprehension of suffering is exhibited by most people at exam time. Textbooks turn into lethal projectiles as the days go by, cooking becomes an emotional crutch as burning things becomes an affirmation of the self in the face of a wall of fatalism, dart-studded photographs of lecturers start to resemble swiss cheese.

This pattern is reflected in world history. It is significant that Alexander the Great started to get right into battles in his mid-teens (obviously with the threat of the Macedonian HSC). So great were his stress levels that before he even found his student card he had conquered half the known world.

Alexander set an example that deserves to be followed. The purpose of an exam paper is to persuade the examiner that you know your subject. Alexander took this underlying principle and reapplied it in a novel manner. He thought if he could get an examiner by the testicles and show him the ugly end of a sharp sword he would not have to waste the spring studying. Alexander spent the rest of his life trying to find an examiner, which accounts for his foray into the rest of the world. His theory, I feel sure, would have worked if he had just read his enrolment details and turned up to the examination hall thus saving himself all the effort of running around half the world.

Sharp objects abound in examination halls. So do examiners who invariably turn up for the first ten minutes just to see the faces of their students as they turn over the paper. This is an opportunity not to be missed. Three hundred biro's have to have considerable persuasive force. Students should unite and collectively persuade examiners that they do know the entire coursework backwards, indeed the year is extraordinary and awarding HDs to all is more than justified.

This tactic would work. However it is important that someone follow the lead of the polish bartender and bring a spatula, the administration may welcome the (in)voluntary redundancy of a salaried officer but it is doubtful they will employ another to clean up the mess.

Interspecies angst and slobber

In a stroke of creative genius some boofhead named my dog Midi. In keeping with his name he smells like the morning after ten schooners. Fortunately he is not dead yet and so is not eligible for a feature in dead pet. However his personal habits may put him there.

After living with this animal for six months certain things have begun to really piss me off. The most common source of interspecies angst is slobber. Saliva I can handle, however this one dog has learnt how to sniff and so commonly his saliva is intermingled with snot. I found out he had acquired this talent when he woke me on day by drapping green saliva over my eyelids. From that moment on our relationship was to change forever.

Midi now sleeps in his kennel.

Still, sleeping with an animal has certain advantages to sleeping alone or with another human. On a cold Canberra night having a dog is substantially cheaper than having an electric blanket. In the same vein a dog cannot comment on your peculiar personal habits during the intrinsically personal time inbetween sleep and consciousness.

It seems strange that exams should trigger memories of sleeping with furry animals, however this may just be a perverse symptom of the exam-related mental blank. It may well be helpful to reflect on the small and furries during the two hours and fifty-nine minutes of boredom that exams bring, it beats counting and recounting your two only crayons.

John Asker

John writes: Bite my bum nick, here is 750 words of the customary quantity without anything humanity calls quality. Have fun doing layout and edit, I purposefully put in 87 typos to make you feel wanted. Nick replies: John, bite me.

Confucius says "space filler"

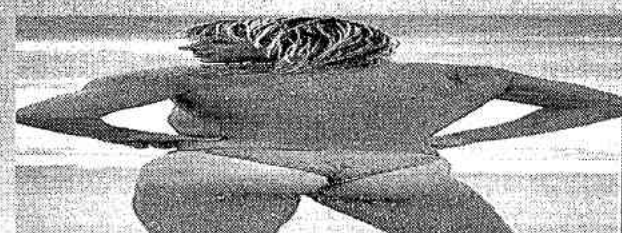
"Man who walk through airport detector sideways is going to Bangkok (bang cock)."

"Man who goes to bed with itchy bum, wake up with smelly finger."

"When chain swings, seat will be warm."

"Pilot who flies upside down will end with crack up."

"When maggots whine, they will be crushed."

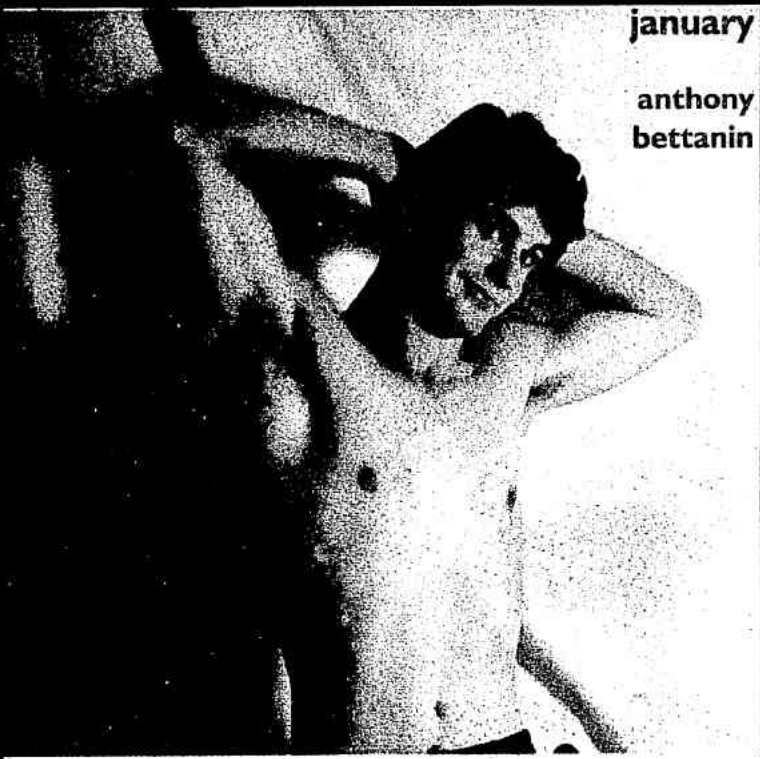


Pamela Anderson

men of armu calendar '96

january

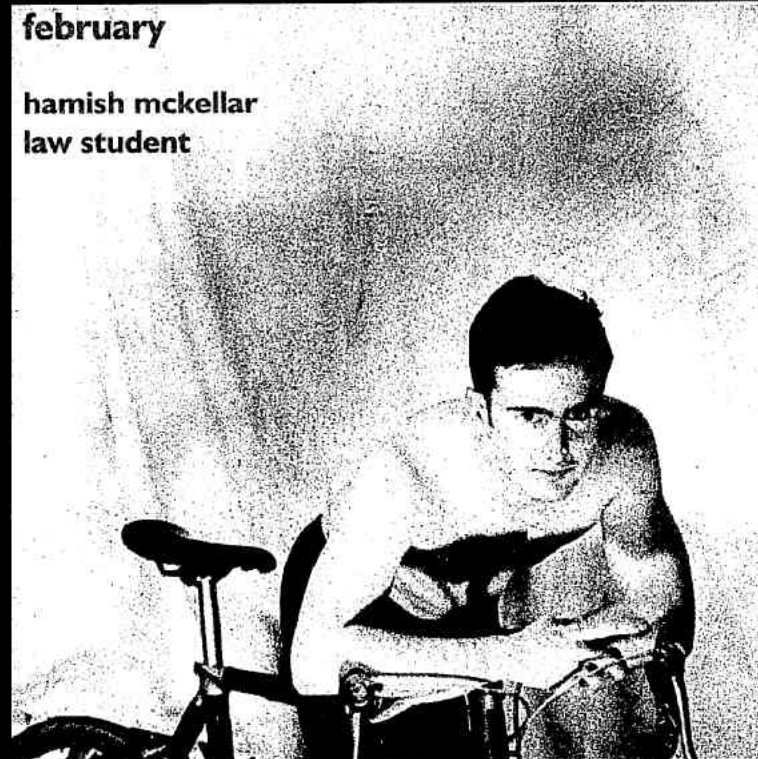
anthony bettanin



8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

february

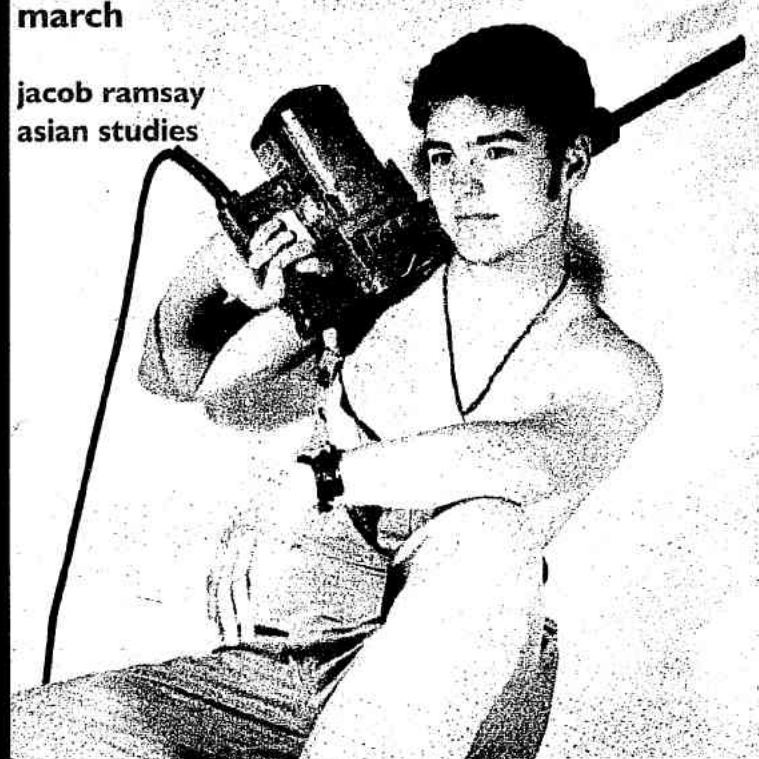
hamish mckellar
law student



5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

march

jacob ramsay
asian studies



1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

april

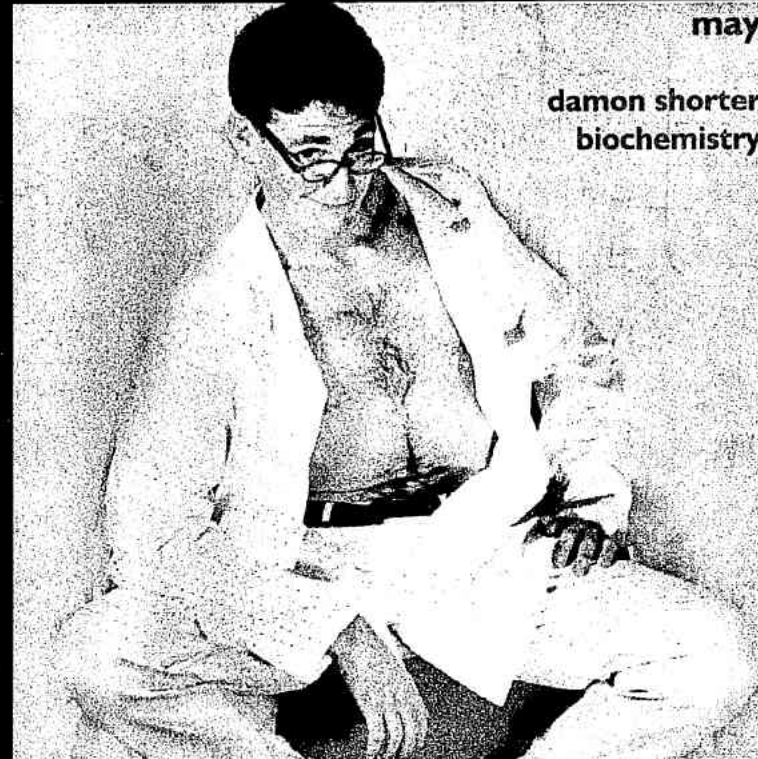
john passant
law lecturer



8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

may

damon shorter
biochemistry



6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

june

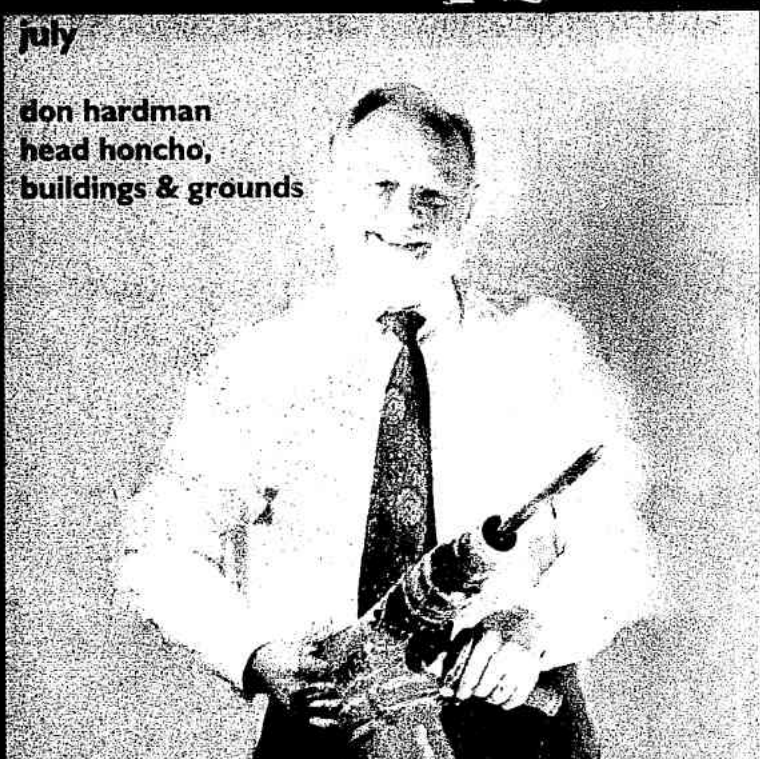
scott whittington
sa administrator



3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

july

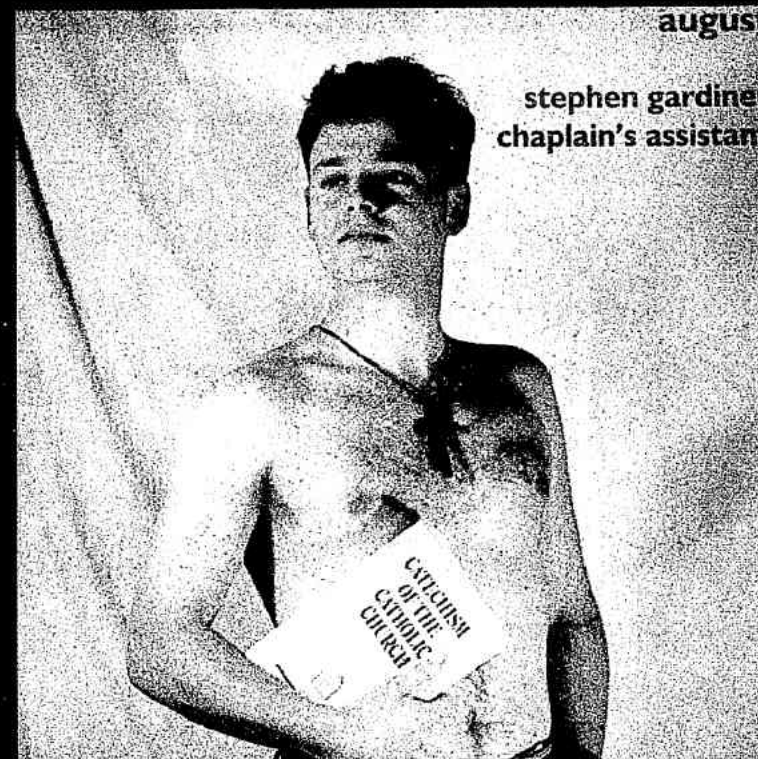
don hardman
head honcho,
buildings & grounds



8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

august

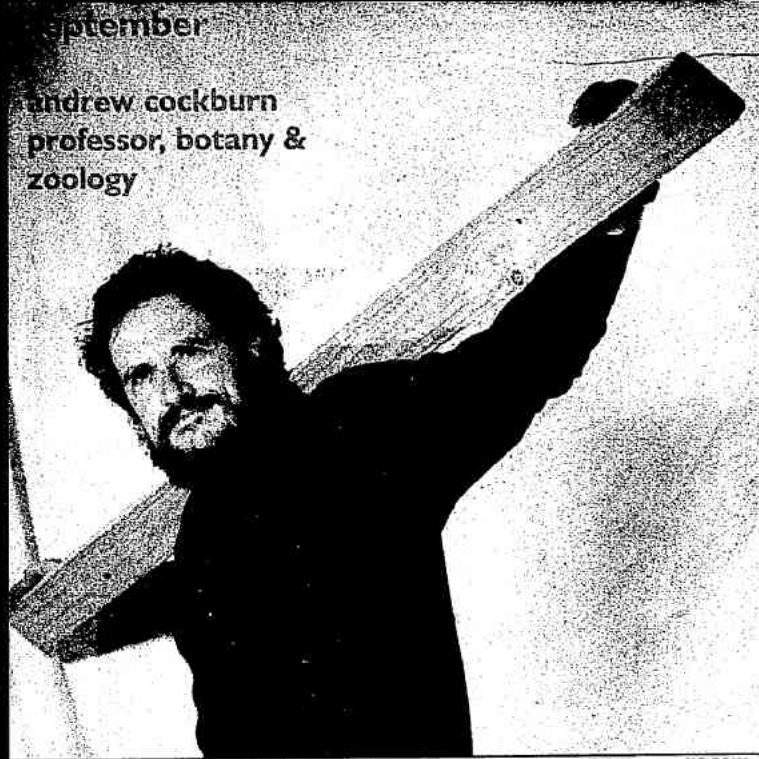
stephen gardiner
chaplain's assistant



4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

september

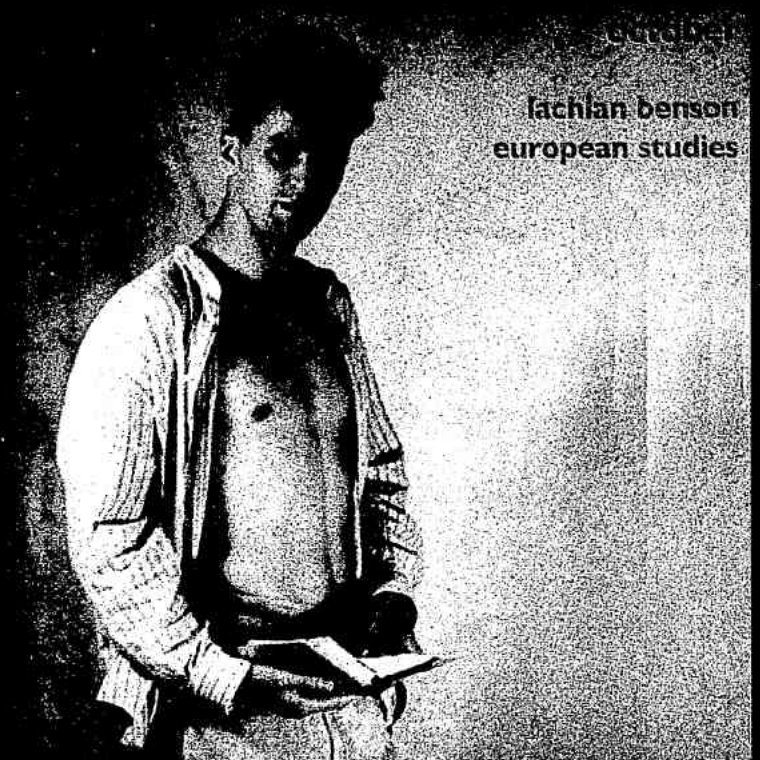
andrew cockburn
professor, botany &
zoology



1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

october

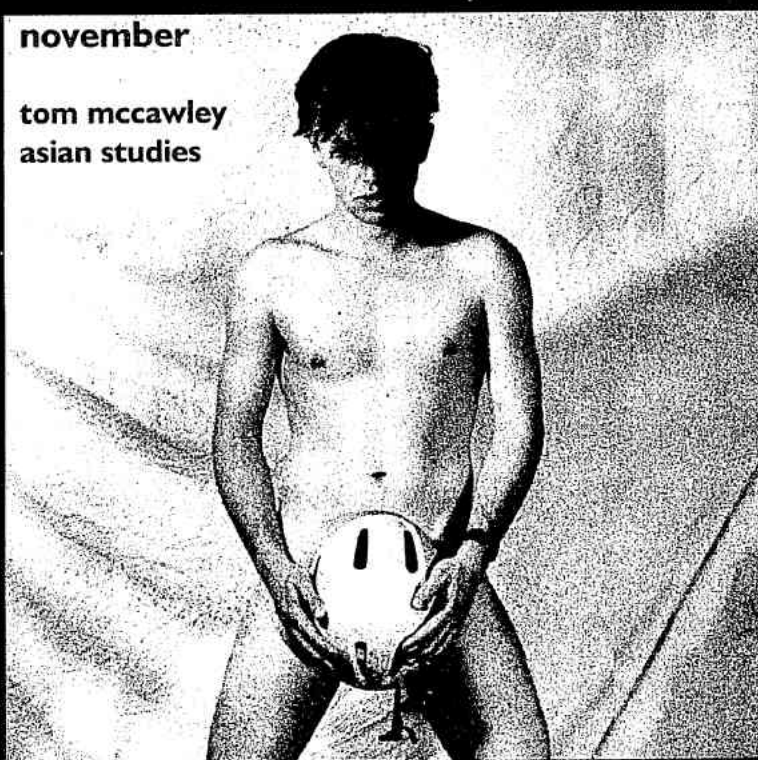
lachlan benson
european studies



7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

november

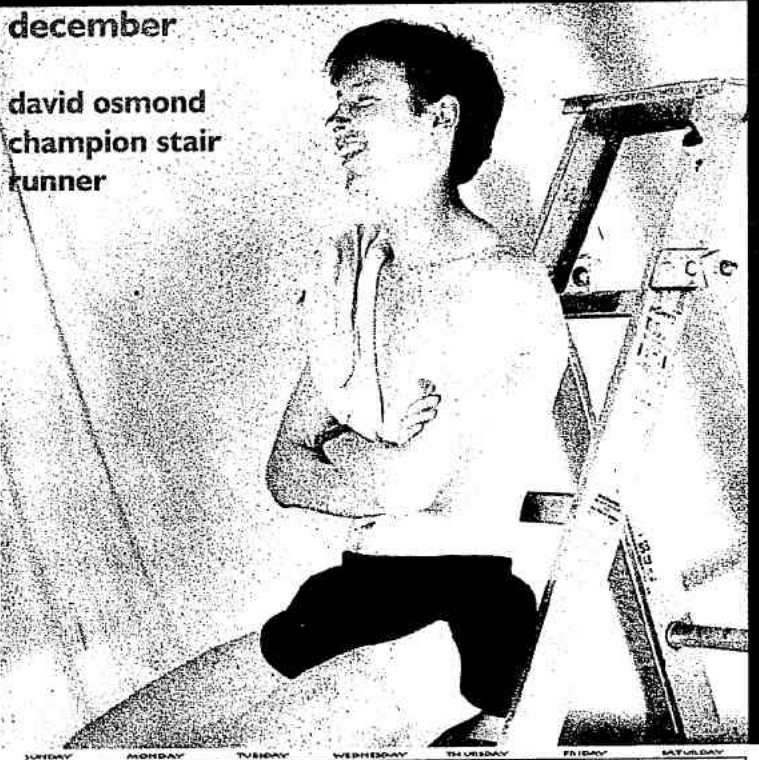
tom mccawley
asian studies



4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

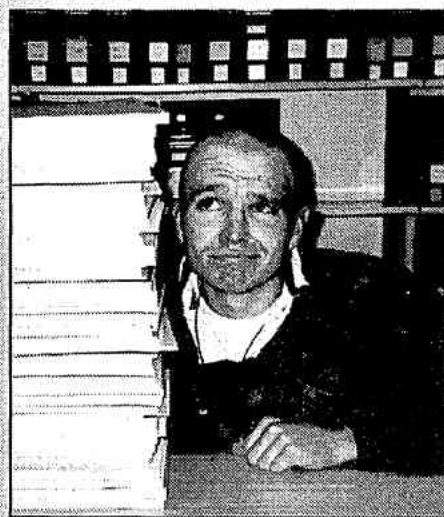
december

david osmond
champion stair
runner

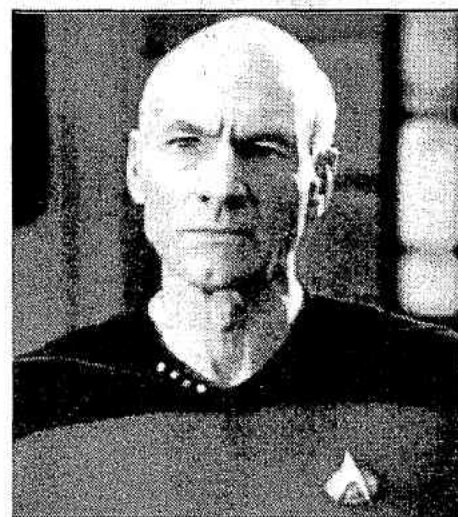


9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Celebrity Bald Spots Part 2.



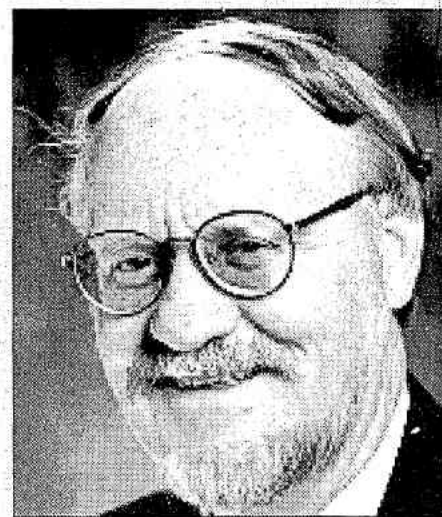
Andrew the Incredible Bum-Faced Boy Dempster: "Everyone has stubble on their arse."



Jean-Luc Picard: "Bald captain? I'm meant to be a six foot erection in lycra."



Warwick Capper "Bald spot my big white arse!"



Deane Terrell: "Look, I've told you once already. Piss off."

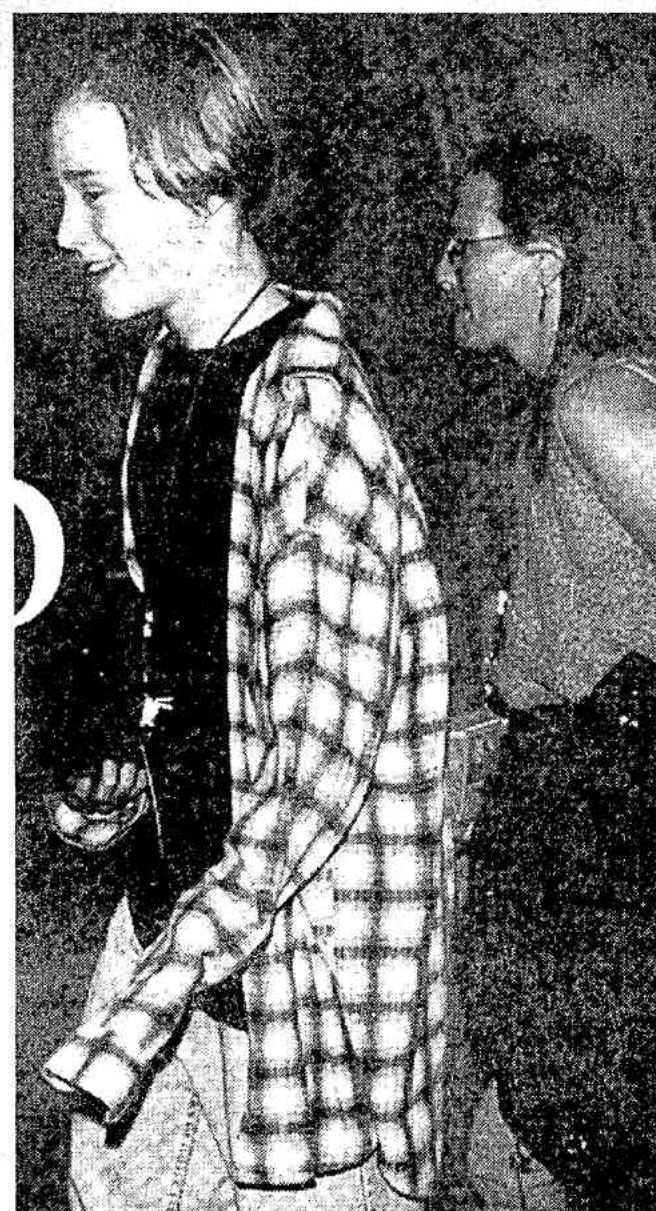
SKULKIN' CULKIN HOME ALONE WITH HIS CRACK PIPE

He's a skull-fucked, beer drinking, hair dying, tool who is no longer home alone because his dealer is breaking in the back door with a baseball bat. Once set to be Hollywood's next Shirley Temple, Maculay Culkín is now fifteen and at that difficult Hollywood age where he couldn't even get arrested for giving Hugh Grant a blowjob in the back of a BMW. So what does the future hold for the child prodigy? Home Alone 3, Richie Rich 2, or just a B-grade nude flick version of Free Willy - Free Willy if you ask nicely.

"I hope that my difficult transition from child actor to porno star can be as successful as John Wayne Bobbit - but I hope I don't have to lose my dinkie in the process," said Culkín during his last press conference, "Or kiss a girl". Although Silverchair is rumoured to have contacted Culkín regarding a cameo appearance in their new video clip, Culkín verily denied that he would feature in the clip saying, "I would never work for them - the're poo-poo heads."



Above: the skullfucked tool aged 10. Right: the skullfucked tool aged 15



Ten steps to writing for the Finger

- Step 1: Open the newspaper, Who magazine, or the Sydney Star Observer.
- Step 2: Cut out any picture from page three.
- Step 3: Make a joke about the French, penis envy or Hugh Grant's BMW.
- Step 4: Insert the words "skull-fucked", "tool", or "whining maggot".
- Step 5: Illustrate with a picture of Warwick Capper's big white butt.
- Step 6: Stand back and complain that the *Finger* stopped being funny when you started writing for it.
- Step 7: Repeat.
- Step 8: Look at the combination of pictures and text and ask yourself "Is this humour in good taste?" If yes, mention Penny Easton.
- Step 9: Memorise the only gag in the article and tell it to everyone you meet, whining "Listen to me, I'm published".
- Step 10: Insert "Extensively Published Journalist" into your CV and apply for a job with *Fast Forward*.

ANU's foot-dragging over union pay claims has students caught in crossfire

Pip Bolding Acting President

For those who don't know who I am, my name is Pip Bolding and I am an Arts representative on the Student Representative Council (elected with the No Fees Campaign). Because Craig Cork has resigned as Acting President, I have been elected to serve out the rest of his term. Thanks Craig for all your efforts as Acting President and helpful advice.

I see my role as representing students' views on various committees and fighting for the rights of students. I would like to make this clear to you that as a student fighting for students' rights is no easy feat. We need to work together.

The pressing issues for students at ANU

- lobbying administration to resolve the union bans.
- trying to improve ANU's handling of sexual harassment cases.
- keeping the general service fee down (students pay \$180 each year on enrolment). Students are not in the position to be forking out bloody money.
- improving student housing.

What is being done about the union bans?

The unions are fighting for pay increases that are due to them. The unions have gone before Industry Commission. The outcome was that ANU administration treatment of the unions was "novel". Unions state that ANU administration has known about this issue for over a year and have ignored their pay claims. The bans have been placed on ANU for a month.

The ANU administration states that the claims are unfounded and they don't have the money to give to them. The government has not budgeted enough money. I am sure that the ANU is aware that a large proportion of students — especially full-time students — are overseas students, which the ANU may miss out on due to the mail bans. The bureaucrats (ANU administration and the government) are arguing over union claims, while students are caught in the crossfire. Already the University of Canberra has had exams delayed.

The pressure of the bans has meant students are not getting essential mail (overseas placements), chemicals for research, adequate facilities for photocopying (neither repairs nor paper). The threat that students may not sit for exams is looming. At a council meeting (13 October 1995) I reported the difficulties that students were experiencing.

The outcome of council was that "Vice-Chancellor Professor Deane Terrell, accepted to examine arrangements to support students who have been affected by the current industry situation, especially those with scholarships and ongoing projects" (ANU press release).

The ANU position remains the status quo, that is, to offer the unions a partial settlement to the enterprise bargaining issues.

Sexual harassment cases — how are they handled?

Students acknowledge that the ANU has responded to cases by establishing CCASH. But this committee acts as a mediator between the alleged harasser and harrassee. Its purpose is to reconcile the present conflicts. It has no other powers. It is not involved in disciplinary action. This is where the problem lies. If the complainant after some consideration wants further action there is no committee to contact. There are other avenues, such as Dean of Students, or the CEO, or Vice-Chancellor. But for some cases this seems inadequate. Students' only choice, if it is not resolved, is go off campus and formally complain to the police.

Students would like this issue to be resolved on campus. It is extremely difficult for 17-20 year olds to go to the police and make such a report, especially if they are overseas or interstate students.

The ANU is presently investigating the current procedure. We realise that there is a working party within the uni investigating these procedures, but there are student representatives on the working party. Hopefully, we will present our case strongly. As students we need somebody or a panel to deal with our cases and believe our stories.

We are thankful to the counselling service and the present CCASH structure that is trying to deal with sexual harassment cases. There are many cases that have been dealt with successfully. I have heard from various sources that Judy Woodrow has been superb.

General Service Fee will not be increased next year

Please read Ben Clancy's Treasurer's report. I would like to thank Ben for his support and guidance. Hail to Big Ben, well, Tall Ben.

It is easy at times to feel that you are not being listened to, especially by bureaucrats. But at the last Council meeting (13 October 1995) GSF was not increased despite the finance committee's decision to increase CDL by \$10. So Professor Brennan, Professor Wright, Kim Vella, Ben Clancy and others on the GSF committee, your efforts were not in vain. Council did indeed listen to our arguments as to why GSF should not be increased. I would like to thank Kim Vella, the President of PARSA, for her guidance and help during the last week. Her GSF presentation of the facts was great. I would like to thank Geoff Brennan for tabling a report of support. Thank you Council members for your support of students — it's much appreciated and needed.

Who looks after student accommodation??

As students we believe that accommodation is an important issue for any student coming to the ANU. I was expecting to find a committee dedicated to student accommodation but, alas, there is none. There are only sections within ANU, each bit trying to do their best. We as students are

thankful. But I find this an incredible oversight by the ANU that there is no committee examining student accommodation here. I went to the Student Accommodation Advisory Committee where the discussion revolved around whether we needed one. There was some division over this matter I was utterly dumbfounded — of course we do. If there are no policies on accommodation, how it will ANU cope with the increase of students over the next ten years? Let's forget about the next ten years, what about now?

Many thanks

There are people who I would love to thank for helping little old redhead me. Ben Clancy, Scott Whittington the SA Administrator, Kim Vella, Janina from *Woroni*, Ian Wright, Professor Brennan and other council members. I hope you can see I may be somewhat passionate at times, but I do believe in students' rights. Just for the record I seriously consider working with people on an individual level, notably Rosen bodywork (if you are wondering what I am talking please contact me). I have no desire to work in politics.



Pip Bolding, Acting President of the SA

Revolutionary consequences

Well our achievements are considerable: firstly we managed to find Scott, who is an absolute legend of an administrator. We also waved the cliched red flag at the administration once or twice, and usually on behalf of students, so here's the propaganda run-down for 1995...

Supplementary exams

A valiant fight, and narrowly lost, by two votes only!!!! This was an ongoing process throughout the year. Firstly we informed ourselves, contacted supportive people and determined important issues concerning supps. Then came the hassling process: sending people to faculty and board meetings to argue, argue, argue, and work out revisions for our proposal. Then came the vote. However, we have our foot in the door now: we learnt heaps, and a large number of people are supportive, so...

Prevention...

Our occupation reputation had much to do with our success in helping to stave off the looming vision of across-the-board postgraduate fees — the proposal has now been delayed until *at least* 1997!!! We participated in many actions to reinforce this, for example the National Student Strike in May, against the May budget, but none of us were arrested.

Bureaucratic stuff

Our response to the ANU's facetious, utterly boring, but terribly negligent Strategic Plan was almost as long as everyone else's — however, it also addressed student concerns — such as course funding, student amenities, the role of the SA, class-sizes etc... And the best thing was that we managed to get a wide group of students with differing political views involved.

Clubs and Societies

Contrary to the inevitable misinformation floating around at this, an election time, we stayed within our budget, funded a wide range of activities and clubs, and tried to be generally helpful with clubs and societies. We set information requirements, to ensure financial accountability by clubs, and even introduced a streamlined affiliation form. (By the way, both Alison *and* William are members of the C&S committee — glass houses and all that).

No more budget deficit

What can I say? Ben the Treasurer has done what no-one else in governmental circles seems capable of. The SA has been in debt for years. It isn't any more.

General representation

Yes, we actually go to meetings. We ensured that next time the Eco/Comm Faculty reviews one of its departments, students get to have a bitch about them. We talked to individual students with problems, and tried to solve them. We made sure students weren't being treated badly.

Classifieds

O week caps for sale — a gold coin donation only to your beloved SA. Good for prevention of skin-cancer... also for wearing if you believe in No Fees.

Emergency loans: if you're desperate, come to us, we give out loans to the needy all year.

And with a final flourish

Acting Pres, Pip is out there hassling the administration about sexual harassment issues. She's also pushing the admin. to resolve the pay dispute with the unions — who, of course, have our full support.

Our major achievement of course is in funding this newspaper.

Carolyn Atkinson
Acting General Secretary
(and seemingly unpopular
Chair of the clubs and
societies committee)

Solvency and photocopied arses

by Ben Clanchy
Treasurer

Last *Woroni* for the year, and beyond all expectations the SA is solvent. After taking on board a \$20K debt from last year, we should come in about flat even. Unfortunately we didn't get to spend all the money where we would've liked to, but we did manage to spend a significant percentage more on services and less on administration. Hopefully this trend will continue next year, and we should be able to start by cutting our audit costs, that ended up being about \$8.5K this year. While this cost was unavoidable for 1995, I feel that it is an extraordinary waste of money, and at the General Meeting on **October 19** it will be proposed that the SA undertake to engage the university to audit the Association next year. Because this may be seen as a move that compromises the autonomy of the Students' Association, I feel that it is essential to put the question to a general meeting.

GSF: Remember that \$180 you paid at the beginning of the year? Next year it's going to be more. Next year undergraduates will pay \$190. Where does the extra \$10 go? Finance Committee decided to stick their fingers into the pie and snaffle the lot for the Capital Development Levy. For those of you who are not aware, the GSF (General Services Fee) is the mechanism through which the student organisations (Students' Association, PARS — the Postgrad SA — the Union, and the Sports Union) fund themselves either wholly or in part. Peer Group consists of the representatives of these four organisations who get together to make recommendations to GSF committee. GSF committee then makes recommendations to Finance Committee, and Finance reports to Council, where all the big bananas hang out. At the time that this article was written the GSF has gone through all but the last hurdle: Council.

So what's the CDL? CDL is a relatively new beast, in 1995 all students paid \$60 CDL — to 'help fund capital projects which the student organisations wanted but didn't have the money to build themselves'. Many students resent the introduction of the CDL, and the manner in which the university seems to take such little notice of what students feel an appropriate level of CDL would be. Certainly I resent having wasted 50+ hours of my own time pissing around in various committees trying to come to a consensus at the GSF level to have finance overturn this precarious consensus in such a cavalier manner after a five minute discussion. Maybe Council might take us a little more seriously. Maybe pigs will fly. Here is where your GSF money will go (barring amendments at Council): Amounts in brackets are what was paid in 1994: Sports Union \$502,000 (\$490,000); Students' Union \$300,000 (\$340,000); Students' Association \$220,500 (\$215,000); PARS \$92,000 (\$76,800); Contribution towards Welfare Officer's Post \$27,000 (\$27,000); Arts Centre to subsidise student productions \$20,000 (\$20,000).

NUS: Referendum failed. Copies of returning officers' report available at

SA (it's a good giggle!). Net cost to the Association was negligible as NUS, keen not to disadvantage the SA in a tough financial year, pitched in with some financial help.

Student Loans: Expect a phone call if you don't repay soon. I keel you.

Clubs & Societies: Outstanding debts of Clubs and Societies has been a problem for the SA for a while. So much so that GSF committee and the SA have had to come to an agreement on how to handle the situation. As the parts of the GSF report pertinent to C&S have been passed at Finance, effectively such agreements become binding on the Association inasmuch as part of our funding is contingent upon us carrying out the agreements reached. This not only includes publication of all outstanding debts, it also means that if your club does not fulfil its financial responsibilities to the SA then you get no more moolah. No amount of whingeing or bouncing off the walls will change that. The SA cannot write your loan off as a 'bad debt' either, and any future executive attempting to do so will fall foul of GSF. The other bad news is that the **debt moratorium** is now closed. If your club chose not to participate, ask your Treasurer why not. It not only means that your club now must pay off the full amount owed (as opposed to a third), it also relegates that club to the funding wilderness. Here is our list of debtors:

- **Liberal Club (1992, \$800)** The Libs used to owe \$1400. They paid \$200 earlier this year, and correspondingly the SA pitched in with a \$400 contribution from the debt moratorium. That left them owing \$800. From that point on the wheels fell off. It appears that the Libs feel as though we're not giving them a fair go. On the other hand, three years is a long time.

- **Linguistics Club (1993, \$100)**
- **Korea Club (1994, \$300)**
- **Socialist Worker Student Club (1994, \$360)**

All of these clubs owe the SA the said amounts. At the time of writing there isn't any other documentation to hand. It will be provided in due course.

- **ANU Rugby Club Social Club (1995, \$500)** During O-Week, the RC Social Club borrowed this amount from the SA to run an O-Week event on the strength of the fact that they had had a largish loan in a previous year and had paid it back. They subsequently disappeared. This was one of the main reasons that C&S doesn't affiliate social arms of sporting clubs — the clubs feel that they owe responsibility only to the Sports Union. It is anti-constitutional for the SA to provide assistance to sporting clubs, and their social arms reside in the grey area in between. The Sports Union has \$200,000 for sporting clubs. Isn't that enough?

- **Computer Science Students' Association (1995, \$225)** Recent loan.

Loans designated as bad at end 1994: Physics Society \$0.50, Fabians \$27.50, Monarchists \$130, Basketball

anu students' association

GENERAL MEETING

Exercise your democratic rights —

and come along for the non-existent food

agenda

1. Acting Presidency Acting General Secretary

Motion on Notice:

"That the Acting President, Pip Bolding, as determined by the SRC on 5/10 be ratified by this meeting"

Moved: Ben Clanchy

Seconded: Carolyn Atkinson

Motion on Notice:

"That the Acting General Secretary, Carolyn Atkinson, as determined by the SRC on 5/10 be ratified by this meeting"

Moved: Pip Bolding

Seconded: Ben Clanchy

or you can say no

2. 1995 SA Elections

Ratification of the results.

3. Election of O-week : DIRECTORS and Handbook EDITORS!!!

this is the fun bit: you get lots of **money** to do it (and beer)

4. Woroni

Ratification of inqorate decision.

5. 1996 Budget

To be ratified by meeting.

6. Presentation of Audited Accounts (fun)

To be ratified by meeting.

so when is this thing???

WHEN... Thursday October 19 at 12pm

WHERE... Manning Clarke 5

HOW... by gorilla

we're also selling some dodgy, wonderful socialistic caps left over from O-Week (the company didn't charge us for them in the end) in the form of memorabilia, so we'll never be forgotten: great for slip slop slap, and only a gold coin donation.

Social Club \$140.

Defunct, uncontactable or unknown clubs that effectively are not worth chasing.

Loans designated as doubtful at end 1994:

Alternative Science Handbook \$1,589.41, Poker Club \$1,000, ADOG \$200. Again, generally defunct clubs, but with more significant debts.

What will the SA do about these debts? Well, there's not a lot we can do at this stage. An interesting point here is that if your association is not incorporated, both members and executive — primarily executive, are liable for debts. The implications are sort of scary if you are an office holder

of a club that doesn't pay its debts — given the right circumstances you would find yourself having to pay them personally. If your club hasn't had an AGM this year — ask the treasurer why not. The SA also requires minutes of the AGM. If they don't receive them along with the financial statements they cannot affiliate clubs next year.

Other clubs stuff: Unfortunately the ATO has told us that affiliated clubs are no longer automatically sales-tax exempt. This means that those exemptions we gave you during the year mean nothing. Clubs will have to apply directly to the ATO to get their exemptions.

Just one gripe this year: as far as I understand it used to be standard practice to acknowledge the support of the SA at club functions. This must be the only organisation in the world that continues to hand out money to people whose only public response to a grant of \$1,000 is a small note in their newsletter saying "the fuckers didn't give us \$3,000". Maybe it'll be in your club's interests to be a little more subtle next year. I may be mistaken, but I have the distinct feeling that C&S was slightly more generous this year with clubs that acknowledged the SA's help with something a little more gracious than a photocopy of the club treasurer's bottom.

Traces of Mercury prove...
shadow on x-ray is
alien implant.



Mercury cider. Drink... believe.

sit on my face



SARAH
STEPHEN

Herman thrown on the dole queue

Ever heard of Lieutenant General Herman Mantiri? Maybe you have, but it wouldn't be a surprise if you hadn't. He was supposed to be the next Indonesian Ambassador to Australia, appointed to reflect the increasing ties between the Australian government and the Suharto dictatorship, and the importance placed on the relationship by the Indonesian government.

There was a huge controversy in Australia over his appointment. People were outraged that the Indonesian government could appoint someone with such an atrocious human rights record, who defended his troops' massacre of at least 200 unarmed people at Dili in November 1991. Even politicians who secretly approve of Australian foreign policy on East Timor felt pressured to conceal the fact by signing petitions against Mantiri's appointment.

In a July 1992 interview in the now banned magazine *Editor*, Mantiri said: "We do not regret anything. What happened was quite proper... They were opposing us, demonstrating, even yelling things against the government. To me that is identical with rebellion, so that is why we took firm action... the policy was correct."

Embarrassment for Evans

Gareth Evans was a bit embarrassed about a statement as blatant as this, so he tried to pretend it was an aberration — just like the Dili massacre, Gareth? I hardly think so. Young East Timorese are being shot and killed by the Indonesian military in riots at the moment. And this isn't an aberration either. It's consistent with the genocide that's happened in East Timor since the Indonesian invasion in 1975.

The surprising bit is that the Australian Government has consistently supported the occupation since it began.

But Australian public opinion stands firmly in contrast. A recent poll in the September 15 *Sydney Morning Herald* confirmed that more than three fifths of Australians believe their government should take a stronger stand against the Indonesian government on the issue of East Timor. This sentiment has been reflected in the growing number of public demonstrations throughout Australia over the past few years.

And it was this public campaign in Australia that was cited as one of the main reasons that the Suharto dictatorship decided not to appoint General Mantiri as Ambassador. They were angry at the response that there had been to the proposal from Australia, and said that they didn't want Mantiri subject to the humiliation of pickets and demonstrations by "irresponsible elements" at every public appearance that he made.

This is a huge victory for the solidarity movement in Australia, and for the independence movement in East Timor. It's a victory because it's a clear example of the people of Australia forcing our government to express its disapproval, forcing it to limit its relations with Indonesia. And when the Australian government is one of the only in the world prepared to recognise Indonesia's annexation of East Timor, the degree to which we can limit the support it is able to give to the Suharto dictatorship will have an enormous effect on the independence struggle in East Timor. We should use this victory to fuel the growth of the campaign in Australia.

The next major demonstration is on the anniversary of the Dili Massacre on November 12th. A rally will be starting outside the Indonesian Embassy at 1pm, marching to Parliament House. The November 12 Committee meets every Thursday at 5.30pm in the Resistance Centre. Anyone who is interested in helping to organise the rally should get involved!

Sarah Stephen is a member of Resistance



HAMISH
MCPHERSON

Mass action the only way

In May this year hundreds of us joined a national student strike which saw some 30,000 students walk out of class and rally against the threat of undergraduate up-front fees. Such a mass action was made possible by the existence of a national union. Governments will always ignore the fees and poverty we face as students unless we are organised into a force which must be reckoned with.

Over the past month general campus workers have been picketing the campus 24 hours a day to defend their living standards by winning a pay rise in line with rising inflation. The unions involved put their full weight behind our fight against fees last year. Mail room workers banned deliveries to the Admin. The ACT Trades and Labor Council and the unionised security guards supported our occupation of the Chancellor. This solidarity action was crucial to our ability to defeat the Vice Chancellor. Now we should return this support — a victory for the unions is a victory for us. If the Admin were really concerned with providing education then they would settle this dispute by meeting the unions' demands.

University's contempt for students

The University has continued to show their contempt for student democracy over the past months. They used a sub-clause in the SA constitution to get rid of the elected student representative. I was not sacked because I had deferred studies — other student presidents have done this. They wanted me out because I was vocally supporting the trade union campaign and students fighting sexual harassment. The Admin staged a coup because I was elected not to represent passive voters but by hundreds of students who wanted to continue their fight against fees and the unelected power of the Admin. They hated the fact that when they proposed a \$4,000 postgraduate fee again this year they were faced not with polite lobbying but the threat of a "repeat of last year", ie demonstrations and strikes. That is why we defeated the fee until at least 1997.

Whoever wins the Federal election, we are likely to face further attacks on education. Both parties put economic rationalism before the needs of students and workers. Behind the right-wing Labor government lurks the spectre of a rampant Howard government — Kennett on a national scale. The Liberals stand for more student fees and individual contracts for workers. We must be ready to unite and fight again.

The ANU Liberal students have invited Peter Reith — shadow minister for Industrial Relations onto campus to speak. If you hate what Reith, Howard and Kennett stand for then join the lunchtime picket at the Street Theatre, Childers St, on October 26. It starts at 11.45, with a speak-out at 12.30pm.

Hamish McPherson is a member of the Socialist Workers' Student Club



YVETTE
MARTIN

Vote for me, I'm a beer coaster

After reading all of the Students' Association election propaganda in the last issue of *Woroni*, I became light headed with *deja vu*. If you are able to find the similar election special from last year, then you might also be struck by the similarities. Everyone mouthed the same rhetoric, the same accusations were made. I should know; I was a candidate in 1993 and 1994 so I'm as gully as any of this year's dazzling array of entrants.

The theme of 1995 seemed more than ever to be "vote for me, I'm not a politician". So why did they run? Sorry guys, but voting is an inherently political act and involves making a political decision. It's also pretty dodgy (or could call it hypocritical and duplicitous) to wrinkle your nose in distaste at all of those vile student politicians, while forgetting to reveal that you have held an important executive position in a campus political club. Obviously memory loss isn't limited to the federal political arena — or to Labor politicians.

We thought in 1993 that political wankery had reached its zenith with the Spectrum business cards, but we figured without the rat cunning of the Comrade Czesla machine in introducing the better deal coaster — once again demonstrating how in touch the Liberals are with the needs of all student battlers. Beercoasters for all, not just the rich! eh comrades?

AYL Campaign Launch/ National Debate

Speaking of the business end of the political cycle, the last weekend of term 3 saw the Australian Young Labor Federal election campaign launch. The campaign launch was... a campaign launch. But what really made it special was the sumptuous food, patrons please leave your taste buds at the door, and the groovin' music that makes Warwick Capper's musical efforts look pretty damn special, although I understand all of this pales in comparison to the delights of a night out on the town with Senator Noel Crichton-Brown.

I was actually looking forward to the debate the next day between Young Labor and the Young Liberals as a forum for thought provoking policy debate. Instead we saw a vaudevilian display of shouting and abuse that confirmed that most of the speakers had been taking lessons from their senior parties. A great pity.

Thank yous and bite mes

Well, that's it, but first a few thank yous to the people who have made this year that little bit more special. The wonderful correspondents to this esteemed tome made me search my soul long and hard and I thank them for that, I just wonder why they took me so seriously? To the charisma free blouses who thought driving passed me in a car and calling me a Labor slut to be the ultimate witticism, I suggest you buy a thesaurus and put it to good use (and slow down next time so I can see your charming faces). To my fellow columnist, the Third Uncle, I'm sorry that it took you so long to open your eyes to the antics of our sometime SA President, it's a shame that it required financial self interest.

Now for the heartfelt ones. Thanks to Janina and Andrew B for filling my life with joy during the year and for mercilessly taking the piss out of me — it was appreciated.

Yvette Martin is a member of the ANU Labor Club



CHRIS
TAYLOR

Beliefs which separate us from the animals

The ANU Liberal Club is endorsing the nomination of Phil Gramm, Senator for Texas, for the Republican presidential candidature. Senator Gramm is the finest man for the job in a prestigious field that includes Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole and Colin Powell, amongst others. Undoubtedly the Republicans will win the 1996 election and set the USA forth upon the same road to prosperity and liberty that characterised the years of Ronald Reagan's presidency. To turn to other matters on the far side of the Pacific...

The verdict in the O. J. Simpson trial was a travesty. Although I am reluctant to comment upon the trial's proceedings for fear of elevating it to the position of "trial of the century", as it was titled by too many fucking septs, its conclusion reflects upon the muddled and decadent nature of modern America. For too long the voices of reason and moderation in politics around the western world have fixed their eyes and hearts upon the United States as the bastion of freedom and democracy. We have been deceived. The US was conceived in a crucible of radicalism and hysteria, and has not improved much since. Instead we should return our gaze to the conservative traditions that have underpinned British and neo-British society around the globe.

One people, one crown, one church

Instead of the Americanised quest for an economically rational society we should arrive at the same conclusions and policies from a different angle, that of the need to bolster the conservative organic society, in all its splendour. The Liberal Party needs to return to its liberal-conservative roots, return economics to its proper role as an empirical tool in the service of policy formulation and launch a vibrant defence of "One People, One Crown, One Church" — the beliefs that continue to separate us from the animals. Anyway enough from us...

As the year ends we wish to thank Will for being such a charismatic chap, John Howard (Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition) for financing the Back on Track, oops, ABD ticket and Hamish (the one man freak show!) for being such a pissweak opponent!

So it's been a great year ANU, thanks for having us...

(Sung to the tune of *Battle Hymn of the Republic*)

Poor old Leon Trotsky's got an ice-pick in his head,
Poor old Leon Trotsky's got an ice-pick in his head,
Poor old Leon Trotsky's got an ice-pick in his head,
And he ain't gonna split no more.
Glory, glory, Liberal Students,
Glory, glory, Liberal Students,
Glory, glory, Liberal Students,
(voices from the colleges and Forestry)

Stack! stack! stack! stack! stack! stack! stack!
stack! stack! stack! stack! stack! stack! stack!
stack! stack!...

Chris Taylor is a member of the ANU Liberal Club

P.S Much indebted to the beautiful and vibrant Vic Tower.

guest column

Cape York Peninsula — the land needs its people



In the north east tip of Australia, the future of Cape York Peninsula, one of the last great indigenous wilderness areas on earth, hangs in the balance. With the Peninsula on the brink of being subdivided for development and exploited for mining and pastoralism, the Queensland Government stepped in and promised a 1200 kilometre conservation zone along the eastern coastline. The region is now gaining recognition for its extraordinary natural and cultural values, and support is growing to protect this key area by returning it to its traditional custodians to manage.

Cape York Peninsula is a mysterious place for most Australians. In an area the size of Victoria, landscapes of stunning coastlines, monsoonal rainforests, heathlands, wetlands, savannah woodlands and 21 river systems remain relatively unspoilt due to remoteness and a tropical climate.

Reflecting the diverse ecosystems found in the Peninsula, the region is rich in species including some unique to the area, such as the beautiful endangered Golden Shouldered

Parrot. Fascinating species, such as Australia's own Birds of Paradise and the Spotted Cus Cus, provide us with an ecological link to Papua New Guinea. Over 60% of Australia's known butterflies and freshwater fish are found in the Peninsula. The tropical seas surrounding the region are also of international significance for seagrass meadows, dugong and green turtles.

What singles out this region and distinguishes it as an exceptional environment is the diverse thriving indigenous cultures, which have survived despite a 150 year history of dispossession. Aboriginal people keep their culture alive through stories, song and dance, that tell of how the land was created and how to care for country. Here life is based on a partnership with the land.

For indigenous people it is essential that Cape York Peninsula remains an unspoilt environment. They rely on the productivity of natural systems like forests, reefs and wetlands. Here bush food and medicine are still gathered, traditional arts and crafts produced, over 50 languages spoken,

and elders continue to teach and guide their communities.

As Michael Winer, Campaigner for the Cape York Indigenous Environment Foundation, explains: "Though forcibly removed, some in chains, to Aboriginal reserves, the people have never lost their desire to return home. They want to go home and continue their role as custodians of the land. It is critical that they once again own and manage their land. The land needs its people, and the people need their land."

The Cape York Indigenous Environment Foundation was recently formed to spearhead the complementary objectives of environmental protection and land justice. Described as an "historic black/green alliance", the Foundation is working as a formal structure for cooperation between traditional owners, the Cape York Land Council, Australian Conservation Foundation and The Wilderness Society.

The Foundation is focusing on raising money and awareness of Cape York Peninsula, with the aim of acquiring Peninsula properties of cultural and ecological significance. The land will then be returned to the traditional Aboriginal custodians to own and manage.

"The Foundation is supportive of a recent Queensland government plan to turn the east coast of Cape York Peninsula into a conservation zone, provided the State government recognises and accepts that any nature conservation strategy in the region must recognise the rights of, and encourage the involvement of traditional owners", said Michael.

The Queensland government's plan is to spend \$25.7 million over the next five years to acquire 775,000 hectares and manage a complete zone of 1200 kilometres of eastern Peninsula coastline, stretching from the Daintree River to the tip of the Peninsula. The conservation zone will include islands, sea areas, and 3.6 million hectares of magnificent hinterland.

The Goss plan will be effective if it is based on Aboriginal land ownership. These promises offer to consolidate the territory and cultures of the eastern seaboard of Cape York Peninsula. They would enable Aboriginal land justice to be achieved within years rather than decades and Aboriginal elders should be able to see a resolution in their lifetime.

The support of the wider community is critical if the Foundation is going to succeed. Many Cape York Peninsula properties are for sale now and money needs to be raised urgently in order to return the land to its traditional custodians. If you would like to help save Cape York Peninsula's cultural and environmental heritage, send your donation to the Cape York Indigenous Environment Foundation, PO Box 2496, Cairns 4870. For more information please ring the Foundation on 070 519 077 or 1800 623 548 (free call in QLD), or point your World Wide Web browser to <http://www.peg.apc.org/~twscairns/capeyork>

Lisa Staggall

hanging judge



The Judge judged

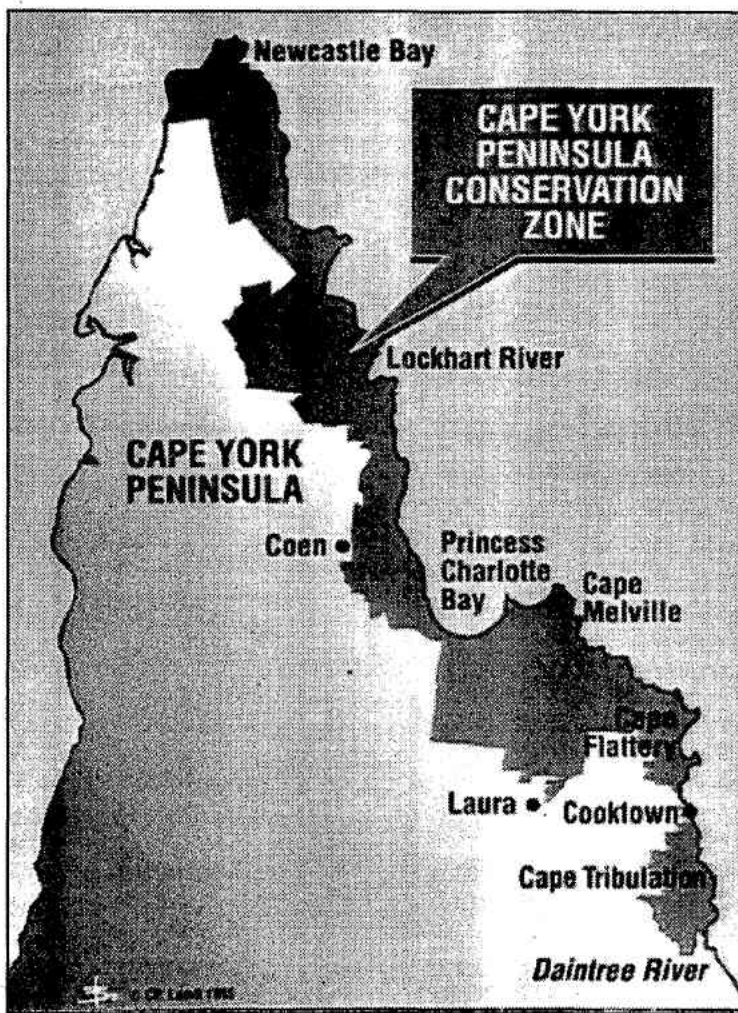
To introduce this Hanging Judge, let me say that if you're looking for entertainment or humour (not that the other Judges have necessarily been funny) then I suggest that you immediately turn to The Fringe. He's much better at this sort of stuff anyway. My purpose in writing this is somewhat different from those already raised. This is in fact an attempt to start clearing the air, so to speak. It is an attempt to do the right thing, the proper thing, something that I have not done in a long time. It might seem unusual to cover this in such an article, but it seems fitting that what I feel will be the last Hanging Judge will turn its critical eye upon myself. Also I cannot think of another way in which I might reach certain people, to whom this is really addressed. For the sake of expediency I will omit certain details. I don't know if I believe that they're truly relevant. However if you know who I am, you are welcome to ask me personally to elaborate, and if you don't know me, then find out at the *Woroni* office, though I don't know what interest it could possibly hold. Regardless of this, it is about time that the truth was served, that the lies stopped.

By way of preamble it seems that I should start with what I have become. I am a liar and a cheat, or at least I was, or rather that is the term that you could apply to me for what I've done. The regularity and compulsiveness of that would certainly leave little room for doubt. It seems hard to determine how one may start on such a path. Drunkenness, anger, insecurity, unknown resentments and the perverse need to destroy whatever happiness one may have spring to mind as causes. To continue, however, into dissolute depravity requires something special, a self-hatred that allows one to convince oneself that one is truly, inherently evil. Evil begets evil, it convinces you that, being evil, you can only do evil, you only deserve evil. It doesn't offer pleasure or happiness, quite the opposite in fact. What it does offer is a sense of punishment, it supplies guilt, it gives you the opportunity to wallow in your misery. It feeds the insane urge for self-destruction. But it is a coward, a coward thrice over. And it makes the same of you. Firstly you know that you need to change, to stop this, to become good again, if such abstract terms can actual come into reality. But fear keeps you where you are. Weakness creates a cowardice of staying where you are. Then you hide your evil in acts of deceit and treachery, you thread your life with lies, again out of cowardice. There is still the need, though, for self-destruction, the primitive desire for punishment. And so, coward as you are, you feel too weak to do anything else, and instead commit the greatest cowardice of all, for, knowing that others do know, must know, you expect them to punish you, to destroy you. You abrogate responsibility for your acts, expecting another to take that up on your behalf. But they don't. They care too much, they want to protect you, or those around you, or, at the least? they just don't feel it's their business.

Punishment comes though, even if you decide to stop committing your original wrong, even if you can stop, there is still the lies and the guilt. They poison you and ultimately give you what it was you wished for. They destroy you, take everything from you, and leave you alone. This is where I am now, and the above is neither excuse, for nothing can excuse what I've done, nor explanation, for even I don't know why I acted in such a way. Regardless of this, though, I am left with a number of things that I have to do. I have to stop the lies, the cowardice and the treachery. Instead I must find again the principles I once set for myself and then, one after the other, turned my back on. It is time I relearned what courage, honesty and loyalty mean. I must use the guilt and self-destructive punishment to destroy the parts of me that should never have seen the light of day.

Most importantly I must apologise to all those involved in my misdeeds, to those that I forced into colluding with me, to those I wronged, to those whose trust and care and love I betrayed. I apologise for what I did, for what I made others do, and above all for the pain that I caused. I don't know if all of this sounds false or wanky or some sort of dodge to get me out of trouble. I don't mean it that way, I mean it as a start, a start at doing the right thing. I don't expect forgiveness and I know that any apology, any act of mine would be scant recompense for the past. I only hope that that past can be mitigated by my future acts and by the fact that these crimes will never be committed by me again.

The Judge



biteback

voting NO to NUS. We argued that making a NO argument alongside the Liberals, particularly when your politics are left-wing, only gave comfort to right-wing ideas and actually aided their anti-union arguments, whether it was about NUS, our own student union or unions in general. It is a sad "illusion" to think that making a "left" NO argument can escape from giving comfort to a vicious anti-union campaign dominated by Liberals. Calling on the NUS to continue its

support for a campaign against the fees is to continue to build the confidence of students across the country in their ability to successfully beat the fees. At the ANU that confidence has been shaken, not shattered. With the inspiration of the past, the fight goes on.

Anthony Hayes
Socialist Worker Student Club

Optical Technology Special Interest Group (Australian Public Service Applications) (OTSIG)

The next meeting will be held on Wednesday 6 December at 10:30 a.m. in the Community Room, Belconnen Library, 12 Chandler St, Belconnen. The meeting will feature speakers on the theme 'Cost effective approaches to optical technologies.'

For further information contact Andrew Freeman on (06) 264 3698 or email afreeman@acslink.net.au

ANU Student Welfare Service

Having problems? Need information and help?

Austudy (our speciality) — help with applications, appeals and homeless rate.

Housing — rent assistance, tenant's rights

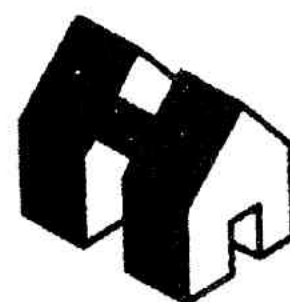
Finances — student loans, budgeting

Sexual Harrassment — (contact)

Health Care Cards — (how to get one)

Or any other problems large or small. If we can't help you we know someone who can.

Phone Anne on (06) 249 5849 or call in—
Mon–Tues School of Art
Wed–Fri ANU Students' Association Office



Housing Online

Need a place to live?

Accommodation information and a listing of properties and rooms available on the private rental market is now on the Internet through the CIS Home Page.

URL: <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Project Officer on 243 3185 (external) x 73 185 (internal)

Position Vacant: ANU Housing Office

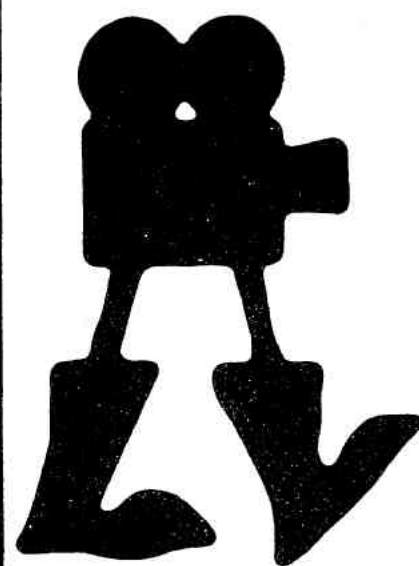
ANUO Grade 4 Fixed term Full-time/Part-time; \$27335–\$29332
Housing Referral Service Officer

Expressions of interest are called for the position of Housing Referral Service Officer. The Housing Referral Service is operated by the Housing Office to assist students to negotiate with Real Estate Agents and Owners to secure housing on the private rental market.

This position is full-time for three months over the summer (December to March) then part-time for a further period during first semester. The successful applicant will be responsible to the Housing Office Administrator and will be based in the Housing Office. However most of the work will be outside the office assisting students and negotiating with housing providers. The nature of the position will require some weekend and after hours work. Access to a Housing Office car will be provided during working hours. A knowledge of student housing needs is essential and some understanding of the Canberra rental market and the University administration would be an advantage.

Expressions of Interest detailing knowledge, skills and experience should be sent to The Housing Officer, Brian Lewis Crescent, ANU Canberra 0200. For further information contact Wendy Antoniak on 243 3185, fax 249 0737. Applications close 27 October 1995.

The Italian Connection



The Magic Boot Club Inc is here at ANU!

- Fortnightly screenings of Italian films
- Meeting place for the Italian community in Canberra
- An excellent opportunity to indulge in the Italian experience
- Student concession: 16 films for just \$30

For more information contact the secretary on 231 3157.

Meditation

A public talk about the practice, art and science of inner contemplation

Speaker: Elizabeth Hakewill, Sri Ram Chandra Mission

Time: Friday 20th October, 12:45–2 p.m.

Venue: L.F. Crisp Building, Room G007, Australian National University

Admission free

Enquiries: Rita, (06) 295 7499

The Ocean Bookshop

Canberra's best range of seriously alternative books. Just check out these titles.

New Science and Cosmos Theory

Space Time and Self, Davies
Holes, Casati
Physics and Philosophy, Heisenberg
Geometry of Space Consciousness, Perkins
The Harmonic Conquest of Space, Cathie
The Theory of Celestial Influence, Collins
Correlations of Cosmic and Human Constitutions, Puderecker

The Wholeness Principle, Lemkow

Psychology and the Mind

Conscience and the Search for Truth, Ouspensky
Play of Consciousness in the Web of the Universe, Gardner
Nature's Mind, Gazzanig
Further Reaches of Human Nature, Haslow

Buddhist Books Direct from India

Buddhist Logic, Stcherbatsky
Human Enlightenment, Sangarakshita
Conception of Buddhist Nirvana, The Upanishads, Mueller (ed.)

The Rig Veda

The Diamond Sutra

Sacred Tibetan Teachings, Orofino

Yoga and Meditation

Gayatri and the Highest Meditation
Master Guide to Meditation
Tantric Yoga, Frost
Zen Yoga, Saher
Viveka Cudamani, Chaterji

Light on Pranayama, Iyengar

Theosophy and Occult Science

Kabbala Unveiled, Mathers
Metaphysics of Experience, Howell
Mysteries of Fire and Water, Aivanhov
Logos, Blavatsky

Motion, Blavatsky

Nirvana: an Occult Experience, Arundale

Key to the Problems of Existence, Aivanhov

Astrology, Tarot and Numbers

Indian Astrology, Dreyer
Jungian Synchronicity in Astrology, Howell
Astrology of Fate, Greene
Saturn in Transit, Sullivan

Astrology Beyond Ego, Lyons

Spiritual Astrology, Spiller

Self Development with Astrology, Geddes

Zodiac and the Soul, Carter

Tarot, Crowley

Wheel of Destiny, Maclaine

777 and Other Qabbalistic Writings, Crowley

New Age

Discovering Your Soul's Purpose, Thurston

Science and Immortality, Hall

Spirit and Soul, Casey

The Web in the Sea, Howell

Suicide and the Soul, Hillman

The Astral Body, Powell

Understanding the Chakras, Rendel

The Chakras, Leadbeater

Kundalini, Gopi

Shop 11, Trump Centre, Civic 2601
Adjoining Garema Place, 70 Bunda St
Open till late. Phone 257 7373

get over it sweetie

And finally... a word or few from the Sexuality Department



Well, it's the end of the year already, the fluff is falling and exams are just around the corner... yikes!! It has been a very successful first year for the ANU Sexuality Department, with our services proving to be of good use to many individuals. Mandy Nuttall, Paul Wagner, Seumas Hyslop and myself, (as the 1995 Sexuality Officers) began the year with much enthusiasm and many goals directed at both queer and non-queer identifying staff and students of the ANU, most of which, I can proudly say have been, and still are being achieved. One of our achievements this year included obtaining a shared office space with the Women's Department, which we used as a safe and informal space for people to obtain information about sexuality based issues. Information that we provided included handouts and books related to safe sex, where to go and who to talk to about homosexual or gender issues that you, a friend or family member may be confused about, and we also provided information on how to deal with sexuality-based violence and harassment. Individuals also found our office space useful for picking up free copies of the latest Australian queer publications, such as the *Sydney Star Observer*, *Lesbians on the Loose*, *Capital Q* and *Wicked Women* magazine. Our office also stocked a wide range of free safe-sex and anti-homophobia posters and stickers that were of interest to many people.

During the year we regularly refilled Lady Lube's free supply of safe sex goodies, such as condoms, lube, gloves and dams, and were often left to wonder enviously who it was that seemed to be 'getting it' so often! We also had lots of fun setting up market-day stalls during O-Week, Bush-week and Blue Stocking Week. We were able to successfully distribute over 100 free "Safe Sex Goody Sacks" from our stall during Blue Stocking Week. The "sacks" included information pamphlets on safe-sex, HIV, information on queer resources in Canberra, posters, stickers, condoms, gloves, dams, lube, chocolates, and even a safe-sex t-shirt in some lucky bags.

This year we also launched our anti-homophobia "It's OK" poster campaign, which is still going strong, despite the slashing and tearing down of several of them. We designed the posters to raise awareness and hopefully acceptance for the diversity of consensual human attraction, by stating "Whoever you love... However

you love... It's OK." We also aimed one of the two types of posters at raising awareness for the painful struggle endured by many "invisible" individuals who are confronted with questions relating to their gender identity. Although transgendered individuals are probably not as common as gay/lesbian/bisexual people, the struggle for self-acceptance of a transgendered individual is often made so much more difficult by the intolerant attitudes demonstrated by the rest of society, hence our title for the poster "Tranny Pride: A personal journey to fulfillment... It's OK". The distribution area of the posters includes the ANU campus, UCAN, several interstate universities, as well as a few shopping centres and colleges around Canberra.

Unfortunately my last few weeks as a sexuality officer, and my third year as a campus-contact for individuals wanting to talk with someone about personal sexuality issues, has been marred by several nuisance phone calls made to my home. These phone calls, made by what sounded like a gaggle of college girls and their incoherent male accomplice, left me wondering what other pursuits these cowardly twits indulge in, probably isolating and victimizing other minority groups whose experience they know nothing of. To these apprentice Ku Klux Klan members: Get educated, get a life and get with it guys, it's no longer hip to indulge in either harassment or homophobia... just ask the police. If anyone else out there is experiencing

any form of harassment on the basis of their sexuality, then please do not be afraid to call:

- Australian Federal Police... 2567777
- Anti-Discrimination Board... (02)318 5400
- ANU Counselling Service... 2492442
- Gay Contact (telephone support nightly 6-10pm)... 2472726
- Lesbian Line (telephone tuesday nights 6:30-8:30pm)... 2478882
- ANU Sexuality Department... 2492444
- CASH (Council Against Sexual Harassment)... 2492444
- ANU Welfare Officer... 2495849
- ANU Security... 2492249

On a lighter note, the Sexuality Officers would like to thank both the wonderful staff at *Woroni* (especially Janina...suck, suck) and this year's Students' Association groovers (especially Scotty-boy at the big desk) for all of their appreciated support, encouragement and help throughout the year. If you're out and proud, and interested in nominating for the position of Sexuality Officer, in 1996, please contact either Mandy, Seumas or myself in the Students' Association, ASAP. Elections for the positions will be held on October 27, at 4pm at The Meridian Club (34 Mort Street, Braddon)... Even if you don't want to nominate, please show up and show your support!

Have fun, stay proud,
Catherine Mellors
(Sexuality Officer)

groove with woroni

Can you write, read, photograph, edit, draw, make jokes, create obscene situations, drive, understand politics and deal with temperamental computers? If so, then we would like to meet you and coerce you into being part of *Woroni* 1996. There will be a meeting for any and all people who would like to be involved with *Woroni* in the back of the Asian Bistro on Monday 23 October, at 1:00pm. If you can't make it but are still interested, drop your name, phone number and interest in the box outside the *Woroni* office.

beneath the fringe

Gratuitous self-aggrandisement



People often ask me how I write columns. Well people don't actually ask me, but I thought sod it let's talk about me for a change. When I first started working with *Woroni* I showed Dempster a piece of insightful social commentary that I'd written. The piece was well-researched, thought-provoking and an example of gritty student journalism on the cutting edge. Dempster said there was no room for that sort of stuff in this paper. Later I seem to remember whining about girls, the torture of mortality, fears of a godless universe and ecological armageddon, doubts about myself and concern about the world supply of corn chips. In short I was bleating the way everybody does. Dempster said this would make a good column and that I would be surprised what people would read. I still don't believe him.

After hours of staring at the screen-saver and putting the word-count on every ten minutes I finished writing my first column. I called up my friend the Navy Queen, read it to her and asked her what she thought. A word about the Navy Queen: she hates everything that is not navy. She harbours a deep and twisted resentment for me, because I don't own enough navy for her liking. She seemed like the most logical person to ask for an objective opinion. She said "That's not funny".

By way of explanation I mentioned thousands of people who made a living out of not being funny and applied Dempster's "you'd be surprised what people read" theory. The Navy Queen replied that people wouldn't read bollocks. I realised that I had stupidly agreed to write a personal column that wasn't funny and that I was going to do this for a whole year.

This realisation became more painful when I offered my column to the great high gods that were the *Woroni* editorial staff. The situation (as Janina later explained) was not so much good cop/bad cop, more good cop/antichrist. I would show my column to Dempster and he would tell me it was okay, when I showed it to Janina (the exalted goddess of layout) she would mercilessly tease me about my spelling and my lack of understanding of that whole its/it's business. (I didn't learn any English grammar at school, because I had a long and tortured obsession with the girl-in-front-of-me's shoulders) This brutal attack would make me scurry back into my shell, until I had to write the next column.

What was worse was that I found myself becoming the character. I had to find new experiences to write about, so I deliberately tried to have a bad time. I didn't want to quit my cushy public service job (after all it supplied me with all the free stationery that I could reasonably cram into my bag, and allowed me to pursue that experiment into faxing my genitals off to various personnel departments, along with a resume, of course.) I only quit, because I ran out of material for that week and I thought I'd better go and find another job to bag out.

As I sit here in the shambles my life has become since writing for *Woroni*, I wonder what I will do now? Is there any life after a *Woroni* column? What possible heights can I ascend to after this great paramount in my career? Perhaps most importantly I wonder if Dempster or Janina will be able to insert any funny bits into this, my last column, as they write most of the paper under various pseudonyms.

The Fringe

The Fringe has a great career in the hospitality industry ahead of him, if only he can find an opening for a whining maggot.

campus chat

"What has been your greatest achievement this year?"

Man with questions: Dan Silkstone
Woman with camera: Bianca Nogrady



"Being able to drink 10 pints of beer without throwing up."
Aleisha, Asian Studies/ Science 1



"Avoiding you guys up till now."
Will, Arts/Commerce 4



"Getting up at 8:00 am, once."
Nick, Arts Honours



"Studying for the first time."
Cathy, Asian Studies 3



"Staying single"
Jaimie, Commerce/ Economics 3



Cynthia Heimel

Dog Woman

It was 1:15 and I was waiting around the *Woroni* office for my 1:30 phone interview. I'd never interviewed anyone before and I was kind of scared because I was about to talk with Cynthia Heimel — the Dog Woman/newspaper columnist, and I figured that she'd be really witty and mean and I was nervous and desperately trying to think of intelligent and entertaining questions to ask, without much luck. For those of you who make up the unenlightened majority, Cynthia Heimel writes for *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Vogue*, she's been described as the Dorothy Parker of the 90's and has written funny books with cool titles like *Get Your Tongue Out Of My Mouth* — *I'm Kissing You Goodbye*, and the recently released, *If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too?* She's funny, clever, sexy and seems to understand how confused we all are in the 90's about relationships, the environment, political correctness, and lost dogs. She likes lefty people and thinks that right wing red necks like John Laws should be made to live in Nevada.

Finally the phone rings and I get this nervous shot of adrenalin but it's all for nothing because it's not for me, so I kind of decide to chill out and when the phone finally rings I'm not ready to take her on, but I'm willing to give it a try. Incidentally conducting phone interviews in the *Woroni* office is not to be recommended, involving as it does the tricky task of locking large numbers of determined and obnoxious people out of the room — some whom have not moved for years and consequently have nowhere else to go — and mouthing "Go Away" and "Fuck off" to would-be invaders whilst simultaneously trying to make appropriate polite phone noises and feigning interest to the interviewee. When I finally confessed the ongoing Battle of the Office to Cynthia she told me to lock them out and tell them all to piss off, and from that moment across the telephone wires, began a warm and squidgy sense of understanding that can only be described as Sisterhood — well, sort of. After a couple of stupid boring fucked-up questions, the frost thawed and she stopped being so bored and started laughing with this warm, American, but nice kind of way, and talking in italics and this is what she had to say...

Woroni: In your book you talk a lot about dogs and men. Do you think that humans and relationships are like dogs and bones, like they get excited about them for about 5 minutes and then they want to bury them in a hole and forget about them?

Cynthia Heimel: (laughs) I never heard that one before, but I like it. I think that men can get like that and some women, but it's sort of more like a male trait, but some women are getting like that too um, we're all sort of teffoning (as in non-stick frying pans), we don't sort of get connected very easily, I like that metaphor, I'm gonna steal it.

W: With all the shit that's been going down, do you think there's a future for men and women, or should we just shake hands, say "thanks for the game" and all go home?

CH: Well, I think we should shake hands and say thank you so much, it

was a good game, you played very well, and let's meet again in ten years, (laughs), because I think there are too many people anyway, you know, it's like, what's the point? That's just my flippant answer, I have no idea, it's just a complicated world out there and men are very confused about what their role is, because, you know, they don't have any specific role any more, like what I said in my book, you know they can't protect us from wild animals any more, we have to protect the wild animals from us. They can't hunt, except for women, so what's there to do? So men are having a tough time — and plus women are giving them so much shit lately.

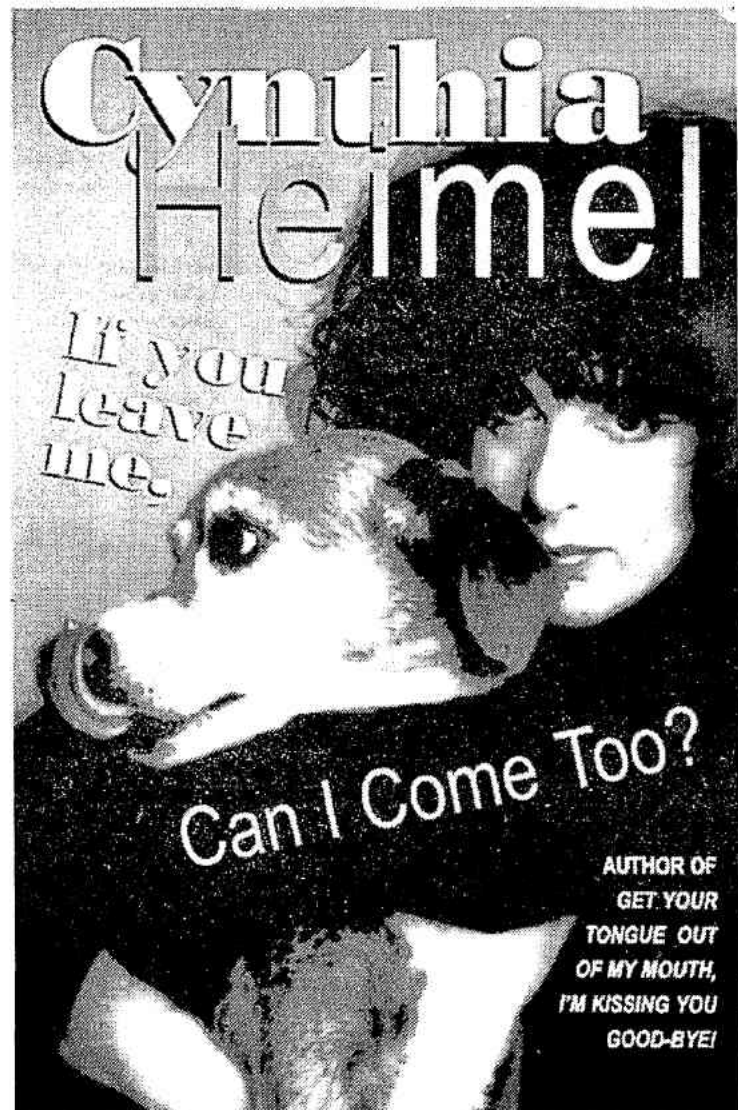
W: In view of everything that's going on in the world it doesn't seem possible to make peace with it. How can you maintain a social conscience without ending up bitter and twisted?

CH: There's no way you can make peace with the world, you just have to, see here's what I think you

young women are hesitant to call themselves feminists.

CH: I think scratch just about any woman and you'll find a feminist, she won't say that she's a feminist, but ask her, like: Do you believe in equal pay and equal rights? Do you think women should be discriminated against because of their sex? Ahhh, do you think it's right to be sexually bullied at a job? and they'll all say they're feminists — well not every single one of them because, some of them are really... I feel that there's this other kind of women, on the prowl looking for a meal ticket, you know? They just want the rich guys with their stock portfolios, um especially in LA I find that, but I think they're another species of woman and I'm not interested in them at all. Most of the women I know are feminists even if they don't say that they're feminists.

W: Well, it's interesting that you say that because there's so much female backlash against feminists and feminism.



have to do — that's why I became the dog woman, the world is so fucked up, isn't it, don't you think? It's horrible, I mean rainforests, ozone layers, AIDS — AIDS especially it's so scary — and endangered species, everything, everything, everything, it's just all going to hell and that's why everyone's so mad right now, very insane, and I think you just have to choose, like something that you can make, oh, like save this park, whatever you can do, cause otherwise you'll just go mad? Cause what am I going to do about Bosnia?

W: Your book is obviously coming from a feminist perspective and you raise a lot of feminist issues. I'm only 23 and I've noticed that a lot of

I really think that according to what people have told me, she has been ostracised by the feminist community, and um, I think she's entitled to her opinion, I don't know all the facts, but if she thinks the man's life has been ruined because of something that was... according to her, it was two minor incidents, which were still horrible, but, if she thinks it's enough to ruin someone's life, she's entitled to that opinion, I don't think we have to hate her for it, we don't have to agree with her, but for everyone to be just furious, and many women's groups are, it's interesting to me, I think really? Everyone gets that excited? You can't get any women to congregate around an issue in America. Hey, you're not in Brisbane are you? Well, there's they were telling me there was this mad lesbian vampire, do you know about this? There was a group of women, and one mad one, who picked up a guy and killed him and drank his blood. (laughs) and I'm thinking, wow! I'm in an interesting country! That is really nutty!

W: It's interesting for me that you write the stuff you do, and you also write for *Playboy*.

CH: Yes, do you think it's wrong?

W: I don't say that it's wrong, um, I used to think that if a woman wanted to show her body and get money for it that was OK, but on the other hand I think that pornography helps to perpetuate negative images about women.

CH: Oooh, I like you! I'm glad that you're around — because for 23 years, ten, twenty years ago a 23 year old would be saying, "What stock should I buy? So that's just great. [Big bonding moment] So, anyway, *Playboy*, it is a terribly sexist magazine, although not as bad as some, it's basically pictures of naked girls, which um, you know, is I don't have a problem with pictures of naked girls, that's one thing about *Playboy* that I don't have a problem with because my feeling is that men have that auxiliary sex gland in their eye, they get visually excited in a way that women don't, because we need to know whether they have a sense of humour, and a lot of other things as well — we're way more sophisticated.

I think if women did have that same kind of sexual trigger eye, we'd have like um, *Family Circle*, there'd be naked men next to the meatloaf, but there is a lot of literature in *Playboy* which I find offensive. On the other hand, if I'm only writing in politically correct publications in which I totally believe everyone who reads it is already converted, whereas I can write any thing I want in *Playboy*, and the men are incredibly relaxed when they read it. They've just had a nice wank, and I'm saying "Stop looking like us like sex objects you stupid pervert!" They're getting really mad at me at *Playboy*... the editor told me, "look the readers are getting really mad at you, you're too much of a feminist", and very diplomatically I said I have to write that or I'll quit, because I can't be a hack and write for *Playboy*. I can't write in the middle of all this sexism light-hearted girly things, and they finally backed down... all organisations have a kind of personality... everyone who works at *Playboy* is really smart, and really nice, and it's been 12 years... he's

W: Well have you heard about the Helen Garner issue here in Australia?

CH: I heard all about it yes. Even though I haven't read any single thing about it, I haven't read the book, but

(the editor) very kind hearted. We're really close — his wife is this incredible feminist and rampant animal rights activist. So that's what I have to say about *Playboy*, and as long as they let me keep writing what I want I'm gonna stay there, it's such a good audience.

W: You wrote a short piece about what it would be like to be a black man, I was wondering what you think it would be like to be a black woman?

CH: Well I know what it would be like to be a black woman; a lot of my friends are bitching and moaning about being a black woman, and it's much worse, than being a white woman, because you've got the double whammy, you know, you walk in somewhere and they think you're the maid, it's unbelievable, although it seems to be just as bad here, with Aborigines, you know they're totally ghettoized in the cities completely, racism is the only thing here that seems to be just as bad as America, everything else seems to be all right. There's a lot of racism, kind of innate racism — I'm not talking about you or anything — but, just sort of the mainstream people. Only just now this guy seemed really lovely and then he talks about, "Oooh, scary Washington DC with all those scary black people", and I'm thinking "Fuck you!", but of course I just sort of said "That's not scary at all, the place you don't want to go to is the South Bronx"... there is a lot of racism here, so much that my friend Susan here was telling me about some man who came out of the bush somewhere near Toowoomba because he wanted to renew his Aboriginal culling license — and he meant it.

(At this point *Woroni* gives Cynthia the dirt on Australia's very

unpolitically correct relationship with Australia's indigenous people to incredulous cries of shocks and dismay).

CH: It seems that some people are starting to realise it, (Australia's racism) nice leftie people, my people, I was listening to this asshole on the radio, John Laws? What an asshole! Talking about watermelons, they're green, but they're red on the inside! Talking about a socialist agenda, (of greens), and he's talking about how it's good to chop down the forests...

let's have all (rednecks/right wingers) moved to some island. Where should we put them? I think we should have them moved to Nevada, it's a big desert where they used to do nuclear testing, if they don't care about the environment, go to Nevada, you fuck!

W: Did you here about the French decision to renew nuclear testing in the Pacific?

CH: Oh, yeah, you know it's funny 'cause it's all over the news here, but I talked to my son this morning and I asked have you heard? And he's heard nothing — nothing in America

W: Does that surprise you?

CH: Well, yeah, it does, usually you hear something... they're so busy with fuckin' OJ... I hate America.

W: Really?

CH: Well, I hate what it's become, it's a fascist country.

W: It seems to have become a giant plastic supermarket.

CH: Oh, yeah, it's horrible Disneyland and all that, Disney is the devil — not Walt himself, but the whole corporation is Satan. (America has produced) nothing but crap, but then there's Stiefeld...

W: Do you shave your legs?

CH: No, yes, well, occasionally, like when I first met my boyfriend I shaved them for about two weeks, but I finally said "I can't be bothered to do this", and he said, "That's fine, I



don't care". But I think it's fine to shave your legs, I don't think it's a big deal, everyone should be allowed to shave their legs and wear make up — except for blue eyeshadow. They may not wear blue eyeshadow

W: What about pink frosted lipstick?

CH: Well, no they can't wear that either (laughs). Yes, you've got to have limits, and none of those streaky blond sort of LA hairdos — big hair.

As our time ran out I gave a sigh of relief to know that the world according to Cynthia would not be with-

out basic aesthetic guidelines. I pictured a happy and peaceful world free of big hair, and homeless dogs. A world where men and women had become resigned to their incompatibility and lived in separate but amicable camps which would hold fleeting reunions every ten years to see if it was just as fucked as it was a decade ago, before shaking hands and retiring back to their respective sides of the fence. And best of all John Laws and the rest of the anti-environment, racist Nazis crew would be rotting somewhere in Nevada.



"STUNNING"
— HOWEVER MANY FILMS YOU SEE THIS YEAR, THIS IS THE ONE YOU'LL REMEMBER — TIME OUT

STEPHEN BALDWIN	GABRIEL BYRNE	BENICIO DEL TORO	CHAZZ PALMINTERI	KEVIN POLLAK	PETE POSTLETHWAITE	KEVIN SPACEY
6'0"						6'0"
5'6"						5'6"
5'0"						5'0"
4'6"						4'6"
4'0"						4'0"
3'6"						3'6"

THE USUAL SUSPECTS
A BRYAN SINGER FILM

★★★★★
THE SEASON'S BEST THRILLER BAR NONE!
— Helma Adams, THE NEW YORK POST

"BREATHTAKING YOU'LL BE HOOKED ENOUGH TO QUEUE UP FOR THE NEXT SITTING."
— PREMIERE

"FABULOUSLY COMPELLING A STAGGERING FINAL TWIST GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT"
★★★★★
— EMPIRE

EXCLUSIVE SEASON COMMENCES OCTOBER 26

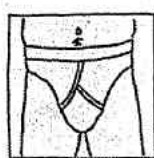
ELECTRIC SHADOWS
F I N G E R M A
BOULEVARD BUILDING CITY WALK PHONE 311 1448

MA 15+ IN SYNCHRONISATION WITH PERFORMANCES OF THE POLICE AND MEDIUM LEVEL VIOLENCE

SPELLING FILMS INTERNATIONAL

DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES

© 1995 SPELLING FILMS INTERNATIONAL INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY COLUMBIA TRISTAR FILM DISTRIBUTORS INTERNATIONAL, INC.



Sweet Vengeance

Kat Martin (St. Martin's Paperbacks)

I feel that the only fair way to review this book would be to quote a small segment from it. This is the only really accurate way of describing the general tone of this historical novel. So here goes:

"He settled himself at the entrance to her core, eased himself in, then drove himself inside her; one deep, powerful thrust, one potent male stroke that filled her and claimed her as his..."

If you like this sort of thing then I suggest you go out and either buy this book or a copy of Penthouse Forum. Falling that just go into one of the toilets around uni and read some of the equally well written historical novels on the walls. The author is a graduate of anthropology (a source of personal embarrassment for myself) and history. It seems surprising to me that such an obviously intelligent, educated woman could manage to write not one but NINE novels of this type. Talk about sexual frustration!

Drunken Disgrace

Birdseed

I was sitting up late one night trying to prove the completeness of a metric space (that's maths talk) when all of a sudden I recognised some music on the radio. It was the band Birdseed, playing *Birdseed*, a piece from their new CD, *Birdseed*.

I'd heard this piece before because this band played for us during O-Week, on Jumping Castle day. I thought then, and I still think now, that this *Birdseed* is the most fantastic piece of band music I've ever heard. The CD is worth buying for this piece alone. It has a verve and clarity that is thrilling to hear.

Birdseed is a band that consists largely of jazz students from the Canberra school of music. Michael Anderson and Andrew Cassell are also members; they play the drums and guitar respectively. They have been together for two years but there have been 14 ex-members of the band. Andrew is hoping to get some backing from a major company so he

can give up his part time job, and it seems he may well. They took \$3000 at the door at their CD launch in the ANU Bar two Fridays ago, and JJJ played their track *Christopher* every night for three months. Things are looking good for Birdseed. They only have 200 CDs left to sell, and they're launching it in Sydney at the Basement soon (but they hope to stay based in Canberra).

If there's one grumble I have to make, it's about the lyrics. They just didn't impress me at all. *Christopher* is full of cliched lines and hackneyed rhymes, like "life's too short to hide away, listen to what I've got to say". Initially I didn't like *Holy Man* as it seemed to be tilting at politicians, and by implication, at my brother William, but my opinion of it rapidly improved when Andrew Cassell told me that it was actually bagging out Derryn Hinch.

The other piece with lyrics was *You Know the Drill*, which lacked any serious analysis of the ways of the world.

Of course, I am profoundly ignorant of Canberra bands and bands in general. It could well be that upon reading this review the members of Birdseed exclaim "I can't believe he didn't like the words of *Christopher*! They were awesome!" But I don't care. I loved this CD and you may well too. They are available at Impact, Hill's Music and Landspeed, and are \$10 each.

Patrick Mackerras

Losin' Your Marbles

Fur (Fellaheen)

The members of this band are some of the most feral trash that have ever sullied a recording studio. Their music is a reflection of this. Anyone who likes indie music will probably enjoy this EP. After all, it does have all the essential ingredients to make it an indie classic. Bad guitar sounds, heaps of feedback, double-time feel drumming and atrocious, vacuous vocals all work together to make this one of the most special CDs I have listened to this year. It is a triumph over the good taste and musical sensibilities of the Australian mass media.

Just listening to it makes you want to tear up the carpet in your bedroom and wear it in a risqué, off the shoulder style. All in all, a pretty good indie band. Fans of other bands of this genre will love this CD. Good for them.

Drunken Disgrace

Strictly Techno 2

Various Artists (Dancepool)

This is the kind of CD that makes you want to go out and eat about three kilos of speed and then dance non-stop for a week. It features fourteen tracks of varying speeds and lengths so that you can really get going. Most of the tracks on the album are in the hardfloor style. Also to be noted about this CD is that it was released with covers in several different colours. This was obviously a conscious effort on the part of the music company to allow people to coordinate this release with their clothes, hair and other CDs in their collections. A very important thing indeed. All that really remains to be said is that if you like techno for whatever reasons (maybe you're a drug gobbling raver), this CD will make an excellent addition to your CD collection. If you don't like techno this CD would be a good one to avoid. However as the title suggests, you probably didn't need that bit of advice.

The Ballad of Jed Clampett

J Nice (La Digue)

This single features four remixes of a rap version of the Beverly Hills theme. As a song it is right up there with the country and western version of *Highway To Hell* and *Closer to the Hogs*. It is quite funny to listen to a couple of times, then it really starts to piss you off. No doubt it will be popular with the top 40 crowd at the Private Bin. Also featured on this single is a Karaoke mix in which all the lyrics have been removed. This has obviously been included for all those no-lifers out there who have memorised the words and want to hear how crap

they sound singing along. If you want to get a CD that has an appeal with a very short half-life go out and get it. If you want something a bit more enduring, look elsewhere.

Drunken Disgrace

Just Like Anyone

Soul Asylum (Columbia)

This single features some of the most boring songs I have heard in a long, long time. The problem with the music this band puts out is that it is typical of the formula music produced by about a million other bands. The style of the songs ranges from sounds reminiscent of early Queen and Tom Petty to a more upbeat indie feel. The best of the three songs is *Summer of Drugs* which has some funny lyrics about a little girl who gets bitten by a snake. Unfortunately any value that these words may have had is quickly obliterated by the dismal sound accompanying them. Admittedly, I do have a rather bizarre taste in music so there may be lots of people out there who would like this band. This would go a long way to explaining what is wrong with the world. This single gets a big thumbs down.

Drunken Disgrace

Every Woman Deserves An Adventure

Yvonne Roberts (Pan)

This is the story of a lovely lady who discovers that her husband of twenty two years is having an affair. Rather than roll over and die she embarks on a great erotic adventure. With the help of her friends, she goes out into the world and slowly becomes a sort of female Casanova. This book is both an entertainingly erotic satire on contemporary sexual behaviour and an emotional journey of a woman looking for self-respect. The story is highly believable, the characters very well drawn, and overall is very well written. With situations from Cybersex to lesbianism occurring, the reader is taken on a bizarre journey of non-stop entertainment. Well worth a read.

Drunken Disgrace



The Man in the Black Cotton Vest

Banjo Paterson's The Man From Snowy River

It would be unfair to say that *Banjo Paterson's The Man From Snowy River* (WIN 6.30 pm Sundays) is merely a belated copy of *Little House on the Prairie*. It doesn't have Michael Landon for a start, but then no one does now. Instead, we have Andrew Clarke (as Matt McGregor) and mountains. "We're mountain men" declared Matt to an outback bar crowded with awe struck admirers of his simple eloquence. Looking mildly less impressed was Oliver Blackwood, who was obviously the resident evil character, as he wore a black vest throughout the action, and was played by the same actor who was Malcolm Fraser in *The Dismissal*. Dramatic tension in the episode was achieved by having the two forced to be companions in an inevitably doomed shortcut through the desert to Hooper's Crossing. Matt wanted to get home to his estate, Langara, and Oliver Blackwood had a land deal to close.

Of course, it was not long before they were walking round in circles in the desert. They had to, because the

cruel, unrelenting wasteland was about fifty paces across, and embarrassing amounts of vegetation were already visible. Yet it was a desert, with the same hot sands and burning sun that induces Nine script writers to make delirious allusions to Burke and Wills. After the requisite number of shots of empty water canteens and animal skulls, the party broke up and went their separate ways. Possibly suffering from heat exhaustion worsened by the black vest he still obstinately wore, Oliver Blackwood tried to kill a local Aborigine who had attempted to come to his aid. "I'm sorry" the laconic Matt told the Aborigine when he heard.

At Langara change is in the air in Matt's absence, change that never threatens the irritatingly wholesome attitudes of its inhabitants. Matt's wife is a suffragette, concerned before it was fashionable with such progressive issues as media ownership. If television's *The Man From Snowy River* presents a romanticised view of bush life, so did Banjo Paterson. The poet wasn't so romantic as to imagine a Langara with neatly kept lawns, trimmed perfectly alongside ruler straight dirt roads, but then he wasn't faced with the constraints of selling his work to US cable networks. If he

had been, he may well have been tempted to include a Luke McGregor with a painful American accent, as the series does. By the end of the episode, Luke was dead, though somehow it didn't mar the dreamy atmosphere so reminiscent of Paterson's verse.

American Cinema

This ten-part documentary was commissioned by the New York Museum of Visual Arts, and seemed by its restrained and sensible tone to be designed for filing away in archives to collect dust. As it is deserving of better than this, the ABC has picked up *American Cinema* (9.30 pm Fridays) with some of the money they have left after their pay television folly. Considering how much that is, they haven't done badly; this American documentary is an excellent appraisal of one of that country's most important creations, Hollywood.

Thankfully the documentary is in essay, rather than chronological form, so flickering scraps of Keystone Cops or the unconsciously trite antics of Shirley Temple are avoided. Instead of focussing on those by-products of the studio system of film production (as child-stars were), the programme reflects on the unity of cinematic techniques it encouraged. It might be

justly complained now that all Hollywood films look the same, but at its height during the 1940s and 50s, this was a necessity. Each week an estimated ninety million Americans went to the cinema, and a single studio might produce upward of two hundred films a year. If the Hollywood style of 'invisible story-telling', as one director described it, was not invisible immediately, it would have quickly become so under such a deluge of homogenous films.

The directors interviewed for the programme were reassuringly self-deprecating about their films. Sydney Pollack (*The Way We Were*) commented that in directing romances he was never stuck for ideas for the first hour (falling in love), nor the last hour (falling out of love), but the time in between often stumped him. Some imagination is called for "otherwise you just have them running through cornfields, tumbling over each other and sipping wine." William Wilder's (*Some Like It Hot*) solution was "don't wake them up", simple and practical advice, at least judging from Barbra Streisand's performance in the extracts from *The Way We Were*. Please, bring on Shirley Temple...

Garth Crawford

WARNING

DON'T GET RIPPED OFF!

How to spot a rip-off when buying a second hand car privately.

FACT: There's a one in five chance the second hand car you're buying privately could be carrying a debt for which you could become liable.

To be sure you are not getting ripped off - even when buying from a friend - call REVS. Just give your REVS operator the rego number, VIN/chassis number and engine number. Your



Ask for proof in writing. If REVS gives the vehicle the OK, you can get a Search Certificate which gives you full legal protection against repossession due to the previous owner's unpaid debt. A

operator will run a computer check and in seconds tell you **FREE of charge** over the phone, if any debts are recorded, or if it's been reported stolen.

Certificate costs only \$7.00 and will protect you provided you purchase the vehicle by midnight the following night.

Your financial safety check.



Rev it first.

Phone REVS (02) 600 0022
Open 7 days, 9am - 5pm


REVS is a service provided by
NSW Consumer Affairs for the ACT
Government.
Does not cover some states. A charge applies
for Trade Account enquiries.

MADREZZI/UNIACT

chunky bits

Carmen Lawrence



O.J. Simpson

Lives in WA's version of LA, Perth

Lives in California's version of Perth, LA

Shares name with famous opera

Shares name with famous beverage

unlikely to do celebrity endorsements

unlikely to be offered celebrity endorsements

interested in preventing domestic violence

interested in inflicting domestic violence

dogged by accusations involving a dead woman

dogged by accusations involving a dead woman

can't expect to be exonerated by Marks Commission

can't believe he was exonerated by jury

dead pet of the week



top chunks



This week on Top Chunks, for the vocabulary-challenged, we present a selection of obscure collective nouns, just waiting to be popped into conversation. Getting sick of using "a lot"? Then this is for you.

- a murder of crows
- a convocation of eagles
- a knot of toads
- an army of frogs
- a shake of cocktails
- a sizzle of sausages
- a debauchery of bachelors
- a plausibility of con-men
- a misfortune of virgins
- a dribble of soccer players
- a quantum of scientists
- a heckle of socialists
- a condescension of actors
- a sufficiency of writers

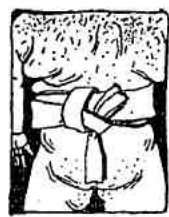
For a double whammy of Top Chunks, this week also presents a little gem for all you happy aerophobics out there; the top ten statements you'd rather not hear from the cockpit.

10. "The union president called - he said the pilots' strike starts IMMEDIATELY."
9. "We'll just ask the flight attendant to wake us up when we get there."
8. "My name is Forrest Gump - people call me Forrest Gump."
7. "Hey, Jim, do you remember where we're going?"
6. "Buckle your seat belt - I'm going to try something I saw in a cartoon."
5. "Bye, bye, Miss American Pie..."
4. "Wow, we're sure a lot lighter now that we dropped that second engine!"
3. "Only 500 more flight hours, and I'll get my license!"
2. "They say this plane practically flies itself. Good thing, huh?"
1. "TODAY WE DIE FOR ALLAH!"

In a very self-indulgent move, considering it's difficult to really pick any memorable achievers from such a collection of dogs balls, but we have managed to select the most impressive Dead Pet for 1995, and by a reasonably safe margin, Morris the Dugong will remain fondly in our memories, long after he and his intestines have drifted out into the Great Blue Sea.

But seriously folks, we have been very impressed by the offerings that have entered the office, but now, can you all please come and collect your various pictures, or they will be taken home by the *Woroni* editors for their own personal amusements. Remember, your pet ain't dead 'till we've published it.

net.junk



Amazing performing popes

<http://www.catholic.net>

In an effort to get the hip young net groovers in, the New York diocese has set up its own bit of consecrated cyberspace. Yes, the Church is online, and it's pretty insane. Enjoy the latest on the Pope's US tour, download pictures of previous popes, or just browse through your favourite bits of Catholic dogma.

What comfort or inspiration this gives to genuine believers is hard to judge; the irreligious will have a hoot playing around with it. Its makers claim to submit to the Magisterium, but how the Vatican could ever approve the slight silliness of this is anyone's guess. The blasphemous will get their jollies from — and I am not making this up — the morphing popes, featuring all the popes from St Peter right through to the dear old current incumbent morphing. This giant AVI movie takes a few minutes to download, and my version malfunctioned when I tried to play it — perhaps it recognised I had impure intentions. Can't you still go to hell for this?

Worst of the web

<http://www.covesoft.com/Eastern/>

The beautiful, marshy Chesapeake Bay and Eastern Shore areas of Maryland are featured here in all their swampy glory. Historical attractions, fish, more historical attractions, and well, you get the picture. The fishing reports have their own bizarre fascination, and it's nice to know what a Great Blue Heron looks like, in case I ever have to shoot one.

Why anyone gives a shit about this outside the actual area is beyond me, but it's nice to see the effort that was taken with it. Yes, you do have to be very bored to visit this, but at least it has pictures, unlike...

The Trondheim Filmklubb / Cinemateket Programoversikt

<http://www.nvg.unit.no/film/ftk/>

Want to redefine boring? You'd have to be to check in at this site, which gives you the 1995 programme for the Trondheim Filmklubb in glamorous downtown Trondheim, Norway. Thrill to the adventure of learning what *Apocalypse Now* is called in Norwegian! Or *Pulp Fiction*! Or wonder why they translate some of the titles, but not others! As the Norwegians say, Cod only knows.

The Not Terribly Good Club

<http://granite.dcs.warwick.ac.uk:2345/robann/Heroic/heroicfailures.html>

In 1977, Stephen Pile had a vision, and that vision was underachievement. Why do we prize success, he wondered, when there are much more astonishing failures? "Success is overrated... Everyone craves it despite the daily proof that man's real genius lies in quite the opposite direction." Thus, the Not Terribly Good Club of Great Britain was founded, with Pile as president. His tenure did not last long; he was deposed when his book *Heroic Failures* was a bestseller. What poetry: a failure at failing.

Those who wish to savour the special flavour of ineptitude can now join in the fun, with the Not Terribly Good Club of the World Wide Web. While this site is under construction, some of the more entertaining failures from Pile's book, and its sequel *The Return of Heroic Failures*, are there. Celebrate your incompetence — don't hide your light under a bushel!

Headline legends

<http://www.infl.net/~cashman/humour/>

And you thought our news headlines were bad, take a peek at these: "Something went wrong in jet crash, experts says" "Police begin campaign to run down jaywalkers" "Safety Experts say school bus passengers should be belted" "Drunk gets nine months in violin case" "Survivor of siamese twins joins parents" "Iraqi head seeks arms" "Stud tires out" "Prostitutes appeal to Pope" "Panda mating fails; Veterinarian takes over" "British left waffles on Falkland Islands" "Eye drops off shelf" "Squad helps dog bite victim" "Enraged cow injures farmer with ax" "Plane too close to ground, crash probe told" "Miners refuse to work after death" "Juvenile court to try shooting defendant" "Stolen painting found by tree" "Two soviet ships collide, one dies" "Killer sentenced to die for second time in 10 years" "Never withhold herpes infection from loved one" "War dims hope for peace" "Cold wave linked to temperatures"

late breaking filler



The first cut is the deepest

Filler keeps the campus up to date on "How your taxes affect you". In a move that has struck deep at the heart of all kindergarten scissor users, and other similarly-inclined members of the general public, the Australian Tax Office officially announced that scissors are no longer classified as cutlery under the new tax regime; instead, they will be taxed according to "the end use of the scissor". For the purpose of innocent play, scissors will be classified as 'toys' and therefore taxed a meagre 2%, while for more serious use in the office, tax will be 10%. For serial killers and plastic surgeons, tax will be as high as 80%. You have been warned.

You Silly Sausage

Long derided as mystery bags, sausages have stepped into the limelight which is theirs by right with their own version of the Oscars: the 1995 Illawarra & Southern NSW Sausage Competition, which was held on Friday October 13 at the West Wollongong TAFE. The competition was "aimed at highlighting the sausage as a healthy and nutritious product as well as being economical and great value", according to the helpful fax sent out by the Meat and Allied Trades' Federation NSW Office (Wollongong and South Coast branch).

Sadly the press release did not detail any of the backstage gossip which is common at such events. Was there a sausage equivalent of Christine Anu at the Arias, being ripped off in favour of a Tina Arena

kransky? Alas, the fax is silent on this and other fascinating questions. However, we are told that flavour, texture, aroma and colour are the criteria for judging a good firm sausage.

Lynham vegetarians will be particularly pleased to hear of Country Pride Sausages' success in two of the three categories. The little sausage shop around the corner from Tilley's came second in the category Australian Tasty Sausage, and third in the erotically-named 100% Pork Sausage competition. Get in there, meet some new people, and play hunt the sausage, sorry, Variety and Gourmet Sausage with them.

Contact Tim Hulme at the Federation on (02) 438 5144 or (019) 982 704 for further information.

Warden's Word on SA elections

Once again, the ANU campus has attracted the roving eye of media celebrity, Ian Warden. He was so amused (or disgusted) at the prevalence and colour of the various joke parties in the Student Association, that he devoted an entire column in Wednesday's Canberra Times to a commentary. Special mention went to Adam McGlashan for his slogan "Vote for me, I wash!", and also to David Jeffery of the Slightly Silly Party for aspiring to make this campus at home amongst the greats of Oxford and Cambridge by adjusting the flow rate of Sullies Creek. Keep up the good work people, we live in hope of a time when there will be no real student politicians, and the world will be a better place!

Men of ANU revue

Lastly in Filler, a quick glimpse behind the scenes of the incredible Men of ANU Calendar. If you've managed to read this far into *Woroni* and survived with your morals intact, then chances are you would have caught a glimpse of the calendar, and hopefully got something out of it; the participants certainly did. We looked around and knew that there were hunky torsos hidden deep inside the clothes of the men of ANU, and lo and behold, with the bribe of a sweet, or threats of death, we managed to get together a rather spunky collection of individuals. Trying to coerce them into removing the better part of their garments took a bit more than the offer of a tempting tidbit, but the results blew our journalistic socks off. The creative juices ran rampant amongst the photographers, concocting poses that ranged from the upside-down lotus position to hefting a jackhammer in a rather suggestive manner.

The photographing of the cover shot also deserves a mention due to the surprising discovery of just how fast a copy of *Woroni* burns, especially when one is wearing an extremely flammable and expensive article of clothing. Showing our usual level of responsibility, we provided the cover subject with a bin in which to drop the *Woroni* flambe, however, we were not prepared for the 3 second ball of flame that resulted. The burning cover was dropped in horror, completely missing the bin and roasting several carpet tiles, which, incidentally, have been glued down.

caption competition

Last week's photo



Hamish McPherson was not open to questioning following his expulsion from the SRC

The winner of this issue's caption competition was Rachel Brooks. She wins a \$30 shopping spree at Acton Supermarket, ANU's home of Jolt Cola. Thank you to all entrants throughout the year; there were some truly magnificent efforts.

The search for Tim Shaw

This is a chronicle of the long and arduous journey through the realm of television advertising in search of the elusive Tim Shaw, of "But wait! There's more!" Demtel fame. It was a cold and sweaty afternoon in the Woroni HQ as I sat, chewing the carpet, desperately searching for clues that would help me solve the long-running case of What To Do For Top Chunks. Then suddenly, a muscly thought wearing a black tuxedo and accompanied by sultry saxophone music crept into my head. Why not get a top ten list from the man that already ranks at the top of everyone else's Arsehole of the Year list?

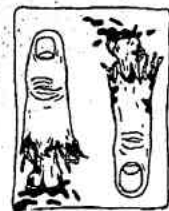
The most logical place to begin my investigation was the offices of the Great Demtel in the Sky, but the trail was cold; a person coldly informed me that Mr Shaw had since departed Demtel in pursuit of bigger and more annoying television commercial companies. I think they were just disappointed that I had not rung to in-

quire about a wholesale purchase of Thigh Squelchers. Undaunted, I pressed for more information, and was grudgingly given the name of an agency, which was, of course, titled in a completely irrelevant and incomprehensible way (Markson Sparks, for the faithful who wish to track the man down).

After arguing with the Directory Assistance who were convinced, seeing as I only knew the name of the company and the street it was on, that I was a neurotic student journalist out to destroy the man, I obtained the contact number of the agency. It was time to move in for the kill.

Several months, and numerous reassuring faxes later, I still had not received any communication from the man, the legend himself. As I reflect on the year that was, and the Top Chunks that wasn't, I have finally come to accept that Tim Shaw's Top Ten unusual uses for a steak knife will never be.

thumbs up thumbs down



Thumbs Down

To Christian Media. The "We rap for God" commercial. Shit, I play piano-accordion for Allah but you don't see me on television singing "Allah is still all right with me". For some reason clean-cut white American homeboys don't make me want to pick up religion. In fact, the only thing that clean cut white American homeboys make me want to pick up is a loaded handgun with the serial number filed off. And then there is the commercial with the card tricks. What's all that about? Jesus can make me win at the casino?

Thumbs Down

To Alfalfa. The serving of alfalfa to anyone, with anything, on anything or in anything is reason enough to bring back public flogging.

Thumbs down

To the sign on the library notice board that says "Library Notice Board". Well thanks. An important remainder so no-one will mistake it for a Ford Festiva and accidentally try and steal its radio. It amazes me that a member of library staff actually sat down and

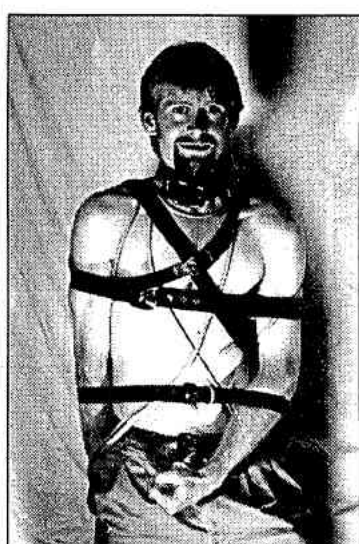
decided that what really needed to be done was the printing and laminating of an informative sign proclaiming to the world that the notice board in the library was actually the library notice board. Perhaps their time would be better spent opening the library between 12 and 2pm. Or maybe re-thinking the recalling of books system, or developing photocopy machines that don't take 3 minutes to eject a copy card, or why not install some more security cameras, Big Brother!

Thumbs Down

To Penelope Keith. This month's television has seen the return of Europe's most conceited little mole in "To the Manor Borne". Wow, half an hour of quaint class structure comedy revolving around eviction from suburban castle. Things must be fairly desperate for commercial TV if they haven't filled the space with repeated repeats of the repeat season of The Simpsons. Maybe they could rename The Simpsons "To the Mega-Bored" - with Penelope Keith staring in her most famous role as a two dimensional animated American icon.



Men of ANU photographers Nigel Snoad (above) and Peter Baldwin (below). Mmmm, lovely... we think



7th
27-28
Nov

woroni



NATIONAL LIBRARY
0991 MAR 1993
AUSTRALIA